



EERIE
#30
NOV

64 ILLUSTRATED PAGES OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE

EERIE

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC

60¢

**THE SPIRIT
OF
AMON-TUT
RETURNS
FROM THE
CRYPT
TO
TERRORIZE
A
SUBURBAN
FAMILY...**



EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY



BEM

MEANS BUG-EYED MONSTER, AND ANY CREATURE CALLED A BEM REALLY HAS TO HUSTLE, SNORT, HUFF AND LEER TO EARN THAT NERVE-NUMBING NICKNAME. BEM'S USUALLY SLITHER, CREEP, LASH THEIR TENTACLES, BARE THEIR FANGS, CONVULSE THEIR HAIRY-SLIMY BULKS, AND EVEN SOMETIMES GLOW IN THE DARK! BEM'S INSPIRE TERROR AND TRIBULATION TO ALL WHO ENCOUNTER THEM. BUG-EYED MONSTER CAN BE FOUND ANYWHERE, ON THIS OR OTHER WORLD S, BUT THE DOMAIN THEY MASTER IS *THE MIND OF MAN!*

EERIE

NO. 30

EDITOR and PUBLISHER: JAMES WARREN **ASSOCIATE EDITOR:** ARCHIE GOODWIN
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: BILL PARENTE, NICOLA CUTI **COVER:** BASIL GOGOS
ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: KEN BARR, FRANK BOLLE, PAT BOYETTE, CARLOS GARZON,
JERRY GRANDENETTI, JACK SPARLING, TOM SUTTON
WRITERS THIS ISSUE: KEN BARR, PAT BOYETTE, NICOLA CUTI, DON GLUT,
GORDON MATTHEWS, DOUGLAS MOENCH, STEVE SKEATES

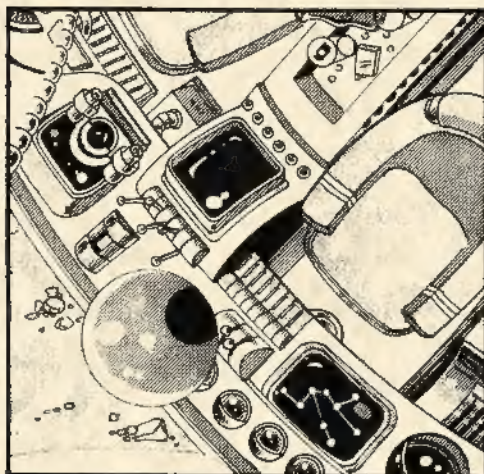
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DEAR COUSIN EERIE



I have been a fan of yours for about three years. The only complaint I have is that you have only six issues a year. Why don't you publish monthly? Incidentally, I'm the mother of four children who also read all three of your horror magazines.

CAROL WALKER
Chicago, Ill.



We have all we can do to meet a deadline every two months. But monthly would be fun at that. Really, though, do you think the world could take 12 EERIES a year?

"The Beast in the Swamp," in EERIE #28 was about the best I've read or seen yet. Billy Graham is the best. I draw a little, but I think I may quit. Billy Warren writes like I do—adventure. You should have more of these kind of stories in your magazine. And more of Warren and Graham. You will not hear from me again unless the story, "The Beast in the Swamp" is topped.

ROU BAKER
Chicago, Ill.

“More of Billy's Graham & Warren!”

I knew you wouldn't let us down, Cuz. It all began many issues back when yours was the best of all the horror magazines. All of a sudden you began to slip into the status of a slightly better than average comic book. Welcome back to the original and high class world of EERIE. Your last three issues prove my point—especially #28. I even enjoyed the cover story, "Last Train to Orion," which at first appeared to be nothing more than your average, typical every day space mass murder story.

Your improvement can only be the result of a certain woman vampire who seems to be shaping up the whole Warren world.

GARY CHARWIN
Fords, N.J.

I think issue #28 is the best issue you've ever put out. Pat Boyette really did a great job on the cover. And there wasn't one story I didn't like.

On "Chiller Theater" (A TV show that's on every Saturday

night.) there was a movie that I believe had five stories from CREEPY Magazine. Could that be true? If it is, and Uncle Creepy has his own show, what's the matter with you?

EUGENE KANUCKI
South Amboy, N.J.



You never know about old guys like Creep. He might be moonlighting on Chiller Theater at that. He has to do something to prepare for the day when everybody realizes how bad he is at putting out magazines.



MORE THAN YOUR AVERAGE, TYPICAL, EVERYDAY SPACE MASS-MURDER STORY—Panel from Pat Boyette's epic, "Last Train to Orion"—drew above fan responses.

Anthony Kowalic said that he believes Ernie Colon drew the picture in the Fanfare page of issue #26. And that he draws under the name of David StClair. You said he couldn't prove it. Tony's right. At first glance of the Fanfare picture and the cover story in VAMPIRELLA #4, I recognized it as being Ernie Colon's art. As for the proof—his usual signature (ERNIE) is right on the piece of art.

JEFF POTTER
Warwick, R.I.



Very mysterious, Jeff. Maybe you're right.

Well, I see you people don't read your mail. When you printed a picture of your mystery girl back in EERIE #26, I thought one of your regular readers would be sure to write in to tell you who she is. But when #27 came along and you still didn't know, I sent you a postcard telling you about her. Now here is issue #28 and you still don't know? What's wrong with you anyway?

OK, let's get it over with. Again. First, she is not one of your cover girls. Her name is Cory Panshin and she'd married to science fiction writer an fan, Alexei Panshin. Second, the name of her costume is "Science Fiction Archetype," and the source of her costume is the covers of many science fiction pulp magazines. Got that?

Don't be too downcast, though. As long as you keep printing good sword and sorcery stories, I'm willing to forgive you.

JEFFREY MAY
Springfield, Mo.



Sorry, Jeff. Your card did appear in issue #29. We're repeating the information in case anyone missed it.

A long time ago, circa issues #14 and #16 of CREEPY, I wrote two boyish, enthusiastic letters full of praise for your

magazine. That was close to two and a half years ago. In a curious way, I am still that same neophyte; that collector of two of the finest comic/horror mags ever put out. Alas, time has passed since those days. We are both older, you and I.

I have seen Vietnam and the ports flung in the face of all sailors unfortunate enough to visit that part of the world. I have been spit upon, laughed at, beaten and fired on. In the course of my travels, I have met and married a beautiful young French woman. I have seen life, and I feel I have matured for the better. But as for you: age has withered the once-mighty collection of artists and writers you possessed.

In issue #27, Stephen Darnier mentions the "Warren Curse." Brother it has arrived. And not recently, I might add.

Having been out of contact for some time, I have missed most of your issues since 1968, but I see from the ads that the covers have been just as good as ever. The interiors, however, are just not up to par.

I realize this letter is long and rather melodramatic in places, but try to print it. You'll find there are more than a few comic fans who agree with me.

LAURENT GUREWITCH
Norfolk, Va.

IS YOUR NEWSSTAND WITH IT?

If you can't find CREEPY or EERIE or VAMPIRELLA on your favorite newsstand, here's something you can do about it. Just fill out this coupon to let us know where that backward newsstand is. We'll see that they get with it.

This store needs (check one) CREEPY ☐ EERIE ☐ VAMPIRELLA ☐

Store's Name

Store's Address

City State & Zip

Mail Coupon to: CREEPY NEWSSTANDS
22 E. 42d Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

“Have more sword and sorcery stories in your magazine!”

I just grabbed a copy of your issue #28 and I think it's fantastic. The cover was tops. In your letters page there were two readers in an uproar about a monster with a gun. If they would read the story, they'd find that it wasn't a monster, but a space creature. Now, any numbskull knows that most space creatures carry guns. Right? I think the best story in that issue was "Beast in the Swamp" by Billy Graham. I think you should have more sword and sorcery stories in your magazine. Better yet, why not make a whole new magazine about them?

CHARLES KERNODLE
Memphis, Tenn.

In *EERIE* #28, the letter by "C. Mein" was written by one of your staff. No one could have written a letter as silly as that! It was obviously written so the "liquid diet" joke could be pulled off. Chow Mein's home, Palatine, Ill., also was stupid. Don't get me wrong, though, I thought it was funny, and wouldn't mind if you did it again.

FRED BECK
Wadesboro, N.C.



There really is a Palatine, Ill., Fred. And nobody there thinks it's stupid. The letter was legitimate. If we had made it up, we'd have said it came from Peking, Indiana.

In *EERIE* #28, I got the impression from the letters page that Anthony Calvello isn't too well-liked. To review his letter, I dug out #26 from my ever-increasing stack of *EERIES*.

He said the magazine is "consistently trash." The biggest piece of garbage in the nation is him.

Also, he said *CREEPY* is a much better magazine than *EERIE*. I'm not saying that either one is better than the other, for I collect them both. But how can *CREEPY* be better than *EERIE* when they both use the same artists and writers, the same editors, the same number of pages. They're both published by the same company and are alike in all other respects?

FRED BECK
Wadesboro, N.C.



Good question, Fred. All I know is that *EERIE* is better than *CREEPY*. Ask anyone. But don't ask Anthony Calvello.

I wish the covers of your magazines would stay on better.

RANDY PALMER
Arlington, Va.



On what?



SCENE FROM "BEAST IN THE SWAMP"—

Billy Graham's far out graphic tour-de-force in *EERIE* #28, brought out raves from discriminating fan, Tony Meers, who only bought the ish because of Billy's art.

I think you, your Uncle and Vampi run excellent magazines. However, your artwork is falling. Not that the artists are getting any worse, it's just that you have a minority of good artists. I have just bought your issue #28. If Billy Graham hadn't been in that issue, I wouldn't have bothered. I wish you'd replace some of your amateurish regulars with professionals like Reed Crandall and Neal Adams. Let Billy Graham do as many stories as possible. He is a fantastic artist. Why not let him paint a cover for you, too?

Frank Frazetta is my favorite

artist. He has inspired other now-great artists with his wonderful style. Of course, I'd like to see him do all the covers for your great magazine. However, I've noticed a decline in his work since issue #23 of *EERIE*. That cover was the best he's ever done. But then the cover of *CREEPY* #32. What happened? Likewise with the cover of *VAMPIRELLA* #5. They were good, of course. Better than anyone else could do. But for Frazetta, they weren't great.

Can you print a photo of Frazetta?

TONY MEERS
Toronto, Ontario

My older brother always told me that *EERIE* was a waste of time and money. But that's not what I think. I think they are terrific. Well, one day, I grabbed my baseball and my glove and went outside to goof around. And what do you think I saw when I walked back into my bedroom? I walked in unsuspectingly and there was my brother reading the latest issues that I had just bought. He was really surprised. What do you have to say about that?

JOE STARKOVITCH
Lyons, Ill.



I'd say your brother is pretty smart, Joe. Now perhaps if you told him that *CREEPY*, *VAMPIRELLA*, AND *FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILM-LAND* are not worth the paper they're printed on, are cheap rags, and are in no ways near the high quality which *EERIE* has attained, maybe someday he'll saunter into your bedroom and spy you reading his latest issues of *FM*, *CREEPY*, AND *VAMPI* which HE just bought!

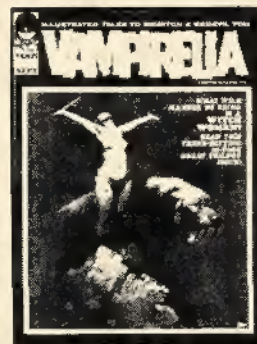
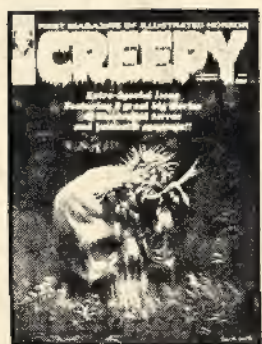
PLEASE WRITE!

ARE YOU GOING TO LET THEM GET AWAY WITH SAYING THINGS LIKE THAT?—Tell them off in a letter to:

DEAR COUSIN *EERIE*
22 E. 42d Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

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MAIL TO WARREN PUBLISHING CO., 22 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



THE VILLAGE OF ZAGORALOV HAD NOT APPEARED ON ANY CHART FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS, AND LONG AGO THE LAND HAD RECLAIMED THE ROADS LEADING TO THAT STRANGE PLACE! NOW, THERE WAS ONLY LEGEND TO GUIDE PRINCE ERIC VON RAFEN THROUGH THE MIRE AND BRAMBLE THAT TORE AND SNARED IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO THWART HIS CLAIM TO...

THE ENTAIL



AND THE BARRIER ALSO HAD FLESH AND BLOOD THAT BELCHED DIRE WARNINGS!



TURN BACK STRANGER
...THERE IS ONLY **DEATH**
FOR YOU HERE!

PAT
Boyette.



I AM HERE AT THE
URGING OF YOUR
BENEFACTOR, BARON
RIGA VILKA!

THEN YOUR SAFETY DEMANDS THAT
YOU REACH THE VILLAGE BEFORE
SUNSET..YOU MUST HURRY, SIRE!

AS THE LIGHTNING MADE DESPERATE
JABS AT THE RETREATING SUN, THE
PRINCE'S MOUNT GAINED THE COBBLE-
STONES OF ANCIENT ZAGORALOV...

HEY!

GET OFF THE STREET, YOU
FOOL..THE HOUR IS UPON US!

SINCE YOU ARE SO VOCAL
IN MY INTEREST..I ASSUME
YOUR DOOR IS OPEN TO ME!

GET IN,
MAN..
NOW!

AND, PLEASE..
HAVE SOMEONE SEE
TO MY HORSE!

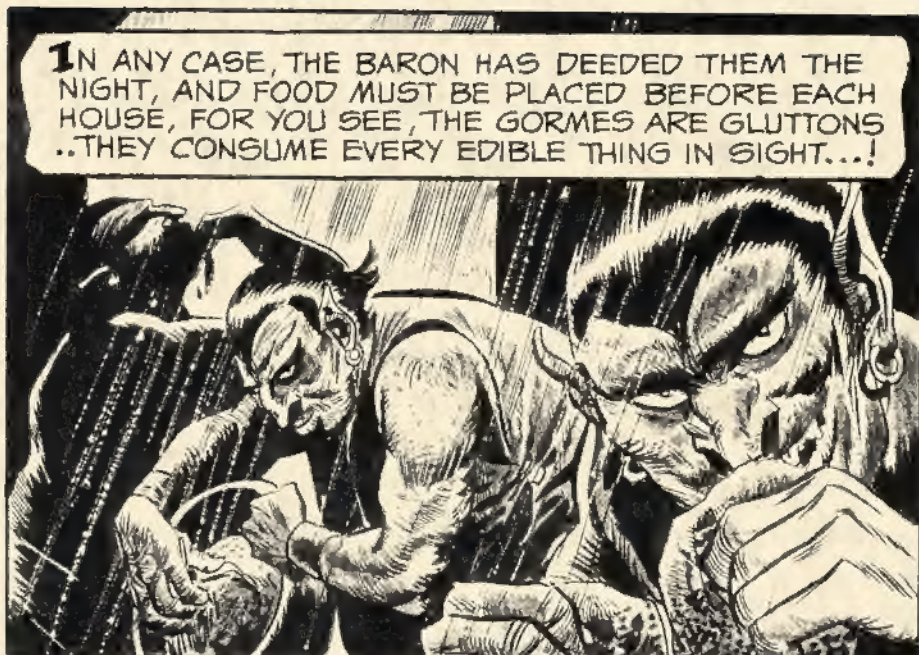
YOUR HORSE!
CAN'T I MAKE
YOU UNDERSTAND
..THE SUN HAS
SET, AND...

.. THE GORMES ARE ON THE PROWL!



GORMES ?

WARDS OF BARON VILKA...
DEGENERATE, DEFORMED
TRIPLETS..SIED SOME
SAY BY THE BARON
HIMSELF!



1 IN ANY CASE, THE BARON HAS DEEDED THEM THE
NIGHT, AND FOOD MUST BE PLACED BEFORE EACH
HOUSE, FOR YOU SEE, THE GORMES ARE GLUTTONS
..THEY CONSUME EVERY EDIBLE THING IN SIGHT...!



AT THIS MOMENT, THE PRINCE'S
REGAL COMPOSURE IS SHATTERED
BY WRACKING SHRIEKS OF PAIN!



..MY..MY HORSE!
NO.. NO!

OH, MY DEAR MAN..I CAN'T
IMAGINE WHAT INSANITY HAS
LED YOU TO THIS VILLAGE ...

BUT, REST WAS NOT TO BE A LUXURY OF THIS DREARY
NIGHT, AND THE PRINCE HAD LONG HOURS TO STUDY
THE JAGGED LINES OF THE BLACK CASTLE ON THE HILL
AND TO PONDER THE HORRORS WAITING THERE



THE BARON..
I HAVE HIS
INVITATION!

INDEED! THEN
YOU NEED THE
CONDITIONING
OF A GOOD
NIGHT'S REST!



DAWN WAS NO LESS OMINOUS..THE SKY HUNG LOW, AND THE SICKENING REMAINS OF THE PRINCE'S HORSE PRESENTED A PROMISE OF DREAD...



IT IS NOT MY PLACE TO OFFER ADVICE.. BUT I MUST URGE YOU NOT TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE BARON'S INVITATION.. HE..

YOU'RE CORRECT.. IT IS NOT YOUR PLACE...



SO, HERE IN THE ACRID STENCH OF DECAY THAT SEEMS TO SCREAM.. RETREAT, THE PRINCE FINDS HE CANNOT DENY THE STRANGE SUMMONS TO THIS VILE BARONY...



I AM PRINCE ERIC VON RAFEN ..

AND BARON RIGA VILKA IS WAITING..



THE BARON WAS SHORT ON SALUTATIONS.. AND LONG ON THE POURING OF AN EXTREMELY BITTER WINE THAT SOMEHOW MADE THE DEPRESSING CASTLE MORE TOLERABLE, AND PROVIDED THE NEEDED COURAGE FOR THE PRINCE TO INQUIRE AS TO THE PURPOSE OF THE MEETING....

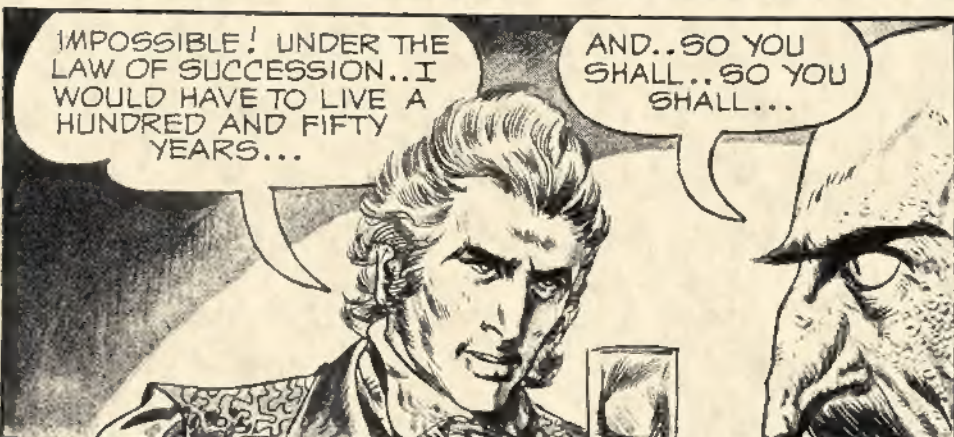
YOU ARE HERE TO RECEIVE A GIFT THAT ONLY I CAN GIVE YOU!

I OFFER YOU THE THRONE.. I AM GOING TO MAKE YOU A KING!



IMPOSSIBLE! UNDER THE LAW OF SUCCESSION.. I WOULD HAVE TO LIVE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS...

AND.. SO YOU SHALL.. SO YOU SHALL...



IN FACT.. YOUR HANDSOME FACE AND BRILLIANT MIND WILL NOW EXIST FOREVER!

IN TURN..YOU SHALL GUARANTEE THE BORDERS OF MY PRECIOUS ZAGORALOV!

FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS WE HAVE KNOWN CONTENTMENT HERE BECAUSE WE HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ISOLATE OURSELVES! BUT, NOW - CIVILIZATION IS CLOSING IN ON US.. I NEED THE BULWARK OF A POWERFUL, ETERNAL KING TO INSURE OUR CONTINUED SOLITUDE!

..I ALREADY HAVE! IN YOUR WINE.. A POTION OF PERPETUAL LIFE ..YOUR MIND.. YOUR YOUTHFUL FEATURES CAN NEVER BE DESTROYED!

HAHAHA! BARON, I FIND YOU AN INSULTING MADMAN WHO THINKS MY GREED WILL PERMIT A BELIEF IN A LIFE-GIVING POTION THAT CANNOT EXIST...

AND YOU WOULD MAKE ME THIS KING? THIS.. ETERNAL KING?

I SHALL ENGINEER THOSE ASSASSINATIONS NECESSARY TO PLACE YOU ON THE THRONE! AND, YOUR GRATITUDE WILL GIVE ME THE PROTECTION THAT I DEMAND!

NEIN.. MY DEAR BARON ..YOU HAVE CAUSED ME TO MAKE A MISERABLE JOURNEY... YOU HAVE OFFENDED MY STOMACH WITH A VILE WINE, AND YOU HAVE ATTEMPTED TO PLAY ME FOR A FOOL!

FURTHER.. SINCE YOU HAVE ALREADY GIVEN ME THE MAGIC POTION.. WHY SHOULD I ENCUMBER MY ASSURED REIGN WITH AN ABSURD LITTLE TREATY BORN OF THE FOLLY OF YOUR SLAVIC TRUST?

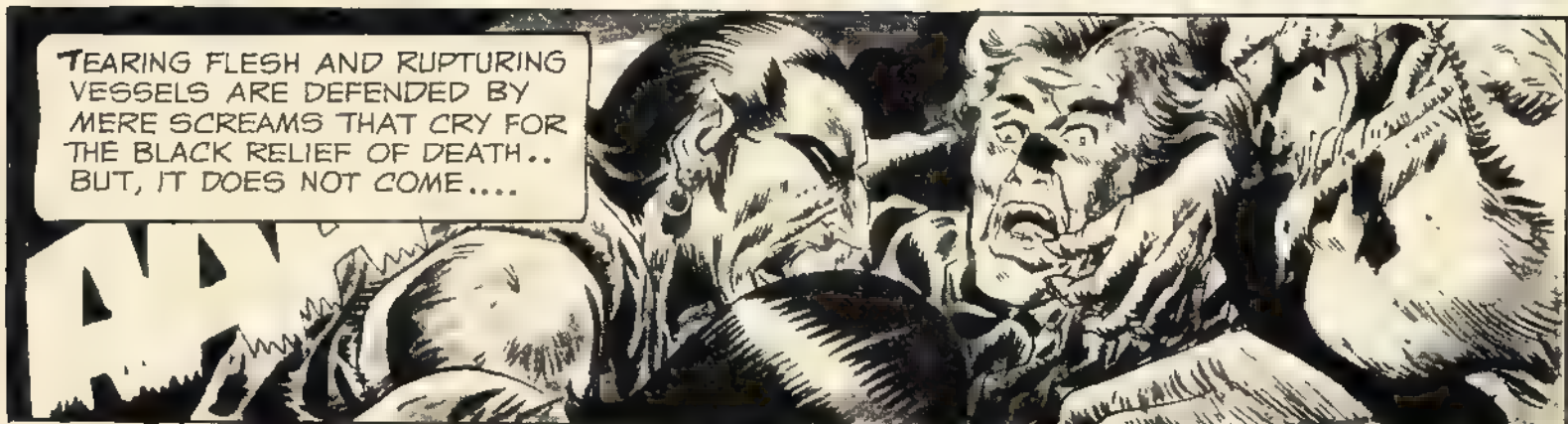
I NOW GIVE YOU MY PLEDGE THAT SHOULD FATE EVER AFFORD ME THE THRONE.. MY FIRST ACT SHALL BE TO BURN THIS DEPRAVED PLACE! GOODBYE!



NO.. YOU CAN'T LEAVE!
STOP HIM!



THE WALLS SEEMED TO OPEN.. AND GROTESQUE
SHADOWS TURNED INTO LEERING RAVENOUS..
GORMES...



TEARING FLESH AND RUPTURING
VESSELS ARE DEFENDED BY
MERE SCREAMS THAT CRY FOR
THE BLACK RELIEF OF DEATH..
BUT, IT DOES NOT COME....



NO.. I WILL NOT BE CHEATED!
I HAVE GIVEN YOU ETERNAL
LIFE.. AND YOU WILL GIVE ME
PROTECTION.. IF NOT AS MY
SOVERIEGN, THEN AS...



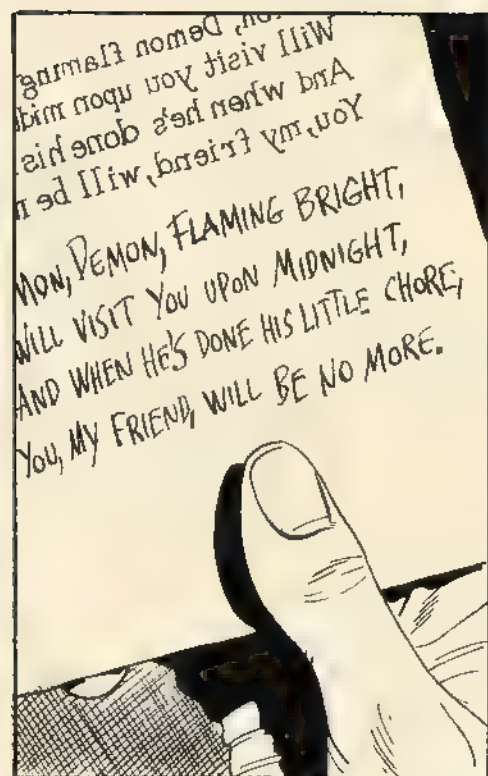
...MY SCARECROW!



SO.. EVEN TODAY ZAGORALOV DOES
NOT APPEAR ON ANY MAP WHICH
IS JUST AS WELL BECAUSE THOSE
CONFOUNDED SCREAMS WOULD JUST
WRECK THE TOURIST SEASON!

THE
END

PROLOGUE:





WHEN THE FANTASTIC AND SUPERNATURAL RUN AMUCK, IT TAKES A PARTICULAR TYPE OF INVESTIGATOR TO EXAMINE THE FACTS, ONE SKILLED IN SPIRITUALISM AS WELL AS SCIENCE. SUCH A MAN IS OCTOBER WEIR, SPECIALIST IN UNNATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL PHENOMENA.

MIRROR, MIRROR

OCTOBER WEIR HAD DEDICATED HIMSELF TO RELENTLESSLY ILLUMINATING THE DARK CORRIDORS OF THE UNKNOWN BUT DURING HIS LEISURE, HE DEVOTES HIMSELF TO HIS GREATEST LOVES, PAINTING, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE, VIDA.

OCTOBER, LOOK AT THIS LOVELY MIRROR SOMEONE SENT YOU. THERE'S AN INSCRIPTION: TO "PROFESSOR OCTOBER WEIR FOR HIS OUTSTANDING RESEARCH IN THE OCCUT SCIENCES!"

NEVER MIND THAT. COME LOOK AT THIS PORTRAIT I DID OF LUCIFER.

IT'S GHASTLY!

OH? IS THAT A REACTION TO THE SUBJECT MATTER OR MY ARTISTIC ABILITY?

BRRRRING!

SAVED!

HELLO...YES...OF COURSE, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

PROFESSOR BIRCH HAS JUST BEEN FOUND MURDERED! IT LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER LOCK DOOR CASE!

THERE WERE POLICE AT THE DOOR AND MORE OFFICERS AND POLICE INSIDE, METHODICALLY SEARCHING THROUGH THE HOUSE. WEIR IDENTIFIED HIMSELF AND WAS TAKEN TO DETECTIVE FIRST CLASS RHINE.

CAN YOU IMAGINE THE ARROGANCE OF THE MURDERER? HE TOLD THE VICTIM EXACTLY WHEN HE WAS GOING TO KILL HIM!

NOT ARROGANT-CLEVER. IF YOU RECEIVED SUCH A MESSAGE AT A LATE HOUR, YOUR REACTION WOULD BE TO BARRICADE YOURSELF IN YOUR ROOM. THE MURDERER, THEREFORE, KNEW EXACTLY WHERE HIS VICTIM WAS GOING TO BE.

THE FACTS COINCIDE WITH THE OTHER TWO CASES. LOCKED ROOM, NO WAY FOR ANYONE TO GET IN. BUT THERE IS ONE VARIATION.

SOMETHING SMALL GOT OUT THERE ARE FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW OUTSIDE BUT IF YOU WANT TO KEEP YOUR SANITY, I WOULD ADVISE YOU NOT TO EXAMINE THEM!

THERE'S ONLY ONE SET. IF THE ANIMAL HAD FOUR FEET, THE HIND HOOFS MUST HAVE PARTY OBLITERATED THE PRINTS OF THE FOREHOOFS. WHAT SORT OF CREATURE WOULD MAKE PRINTS LIKE THAT?

A WINGED TWO-FOOT-HIGH HORSE WHO WALKS UPRIGHT. WOULD YOU HAVE THE POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER SEND ME A PHOTO OF THOSE PRINTS? I HAVE AN IDEA.

THE CLOUDS DRIFT LIKE FINGERS ACROSS THE FACE OF THE MOON AND TWO MEN WORK FEVERISHLY INTO THE NIGHT. NEITHER IS SURE OF WHAT THEY SEARCH FOR.

I KNOW OCTOBER WILL IGNORE THE COFFEE BUT PERHAPS YOU'LL HAVE SOME, MR. RHINE.

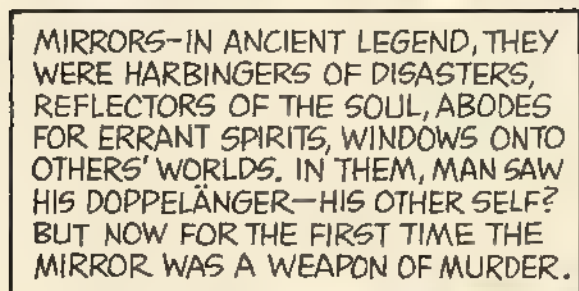
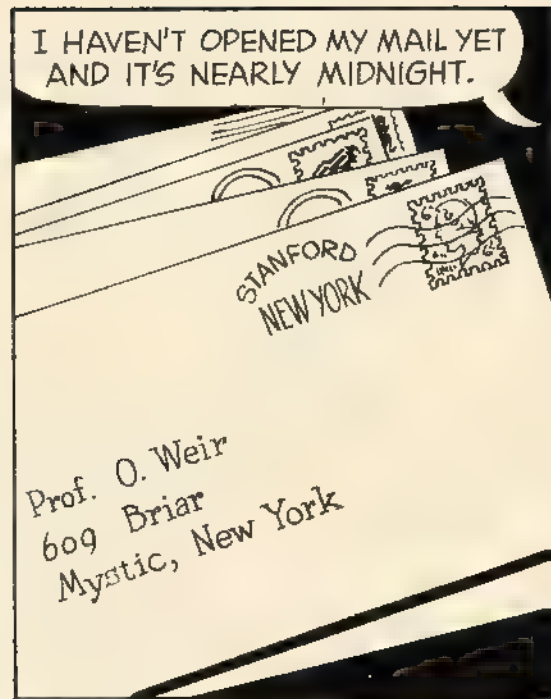
THANK YOU, I WILL. THERE'S MORE CAFFEINE IN MY VEINS THAN PLASMA!

HERE'S SOMETHING.

"JUKDOK, THE MIRROR DEMON." WHAT'S A MIRROR DEMON?

IT'S A DEMON WHO LIVES IN MIRRORS AND DISTORTS PEOPLE'S FEATURES TO MAKE THEM APPEAR OLD AND UGLY. ACTUALLY, JUKDOK WAS JUST A MEANS FOR PEOPLE TO AVOID THE TRUTH OF THEIR OWN ADVANCING AGE AND UGLINESS.





EMPTY!!

NOW WE KNOW WHY THE HOOFP-
PRINTS ENDED IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE FIELD. AS SOON AS I
SEE VIDA TO HER BED, I'M GO-
ING TO MAKE SOME TESTS
ON THE MIRROR.

THERE ARE TRACES OF A LIQUID WHICH
EVAPORATES AT A REGULAR RATE.
THE MIRROR IS COATED WITH THIS
LIQUID. WHEN IT TURNS TO VAPOR,
THE DEMON COMES IN CONTACT
WITH THE AIR WHICH CAUSED A
CHEMICAL REACTION AND
THE DEMON TAKE FORM.

AND THE DEMON
LIVES WITHIN
THE MIRROR?

NO, ON THE SURFACE OF THE MIRROR JUST BELOW
THE LIQUID COATING. IT'S PROBABLY NO MORE
THAN ON MOLECULE IN THICKNESS WHICH
MAKES IT TRANSPARENT UNTIL IT COMES IN
CONTACT WITH THE AIR. THAT'S WHEN
OXIDATION OCCURS "DEMON, DEMON,
FLAMING BRIGHT."

THANKS FOR
YOUR HELP.
YOU'VE GIVEN
ME SOME
EXCELLENT LEADS.
AS SOON AS I
TURN IN MY
REPORT WE
SHOULD BE
GETTING
ACTION!

REMEMBER TO
TEMPER YOUR
REPORT. THE
STRAIGHT
WORLD ISN'T
PREPARED TO
ACCEPT THE
UNNATURAL
AND SUPER-
NATURAL!

THE NEXT DAY THE DETERMINED
INVESTIGATOR IS ON HIS WAY TO
STANFORD, NEW YORK.

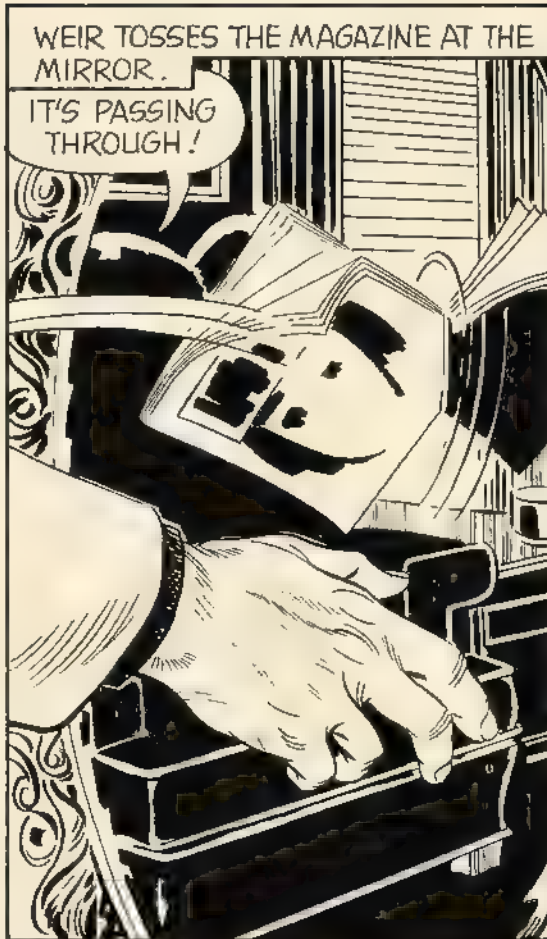
WHY ARE WE
FOLLOWING UP
THE POSTMARK
LEAD?

BECAUSE RHINE
WAS TAKEN OFF
THE CASE THE
MOMENT HIS
SUPERIORS READ
HIS REPORT. THEY
ACCUSED HIM OF
COPYING IT FROM
A SCIENCE FICTION
NOVEL.

MR. WEIR, YOUR
MIRROR ARRIVED
SOON AFTER
YOU CALLED FOR
RESERVATIONS.
WE HAD IT SENT
TO YOUR
ROOM.

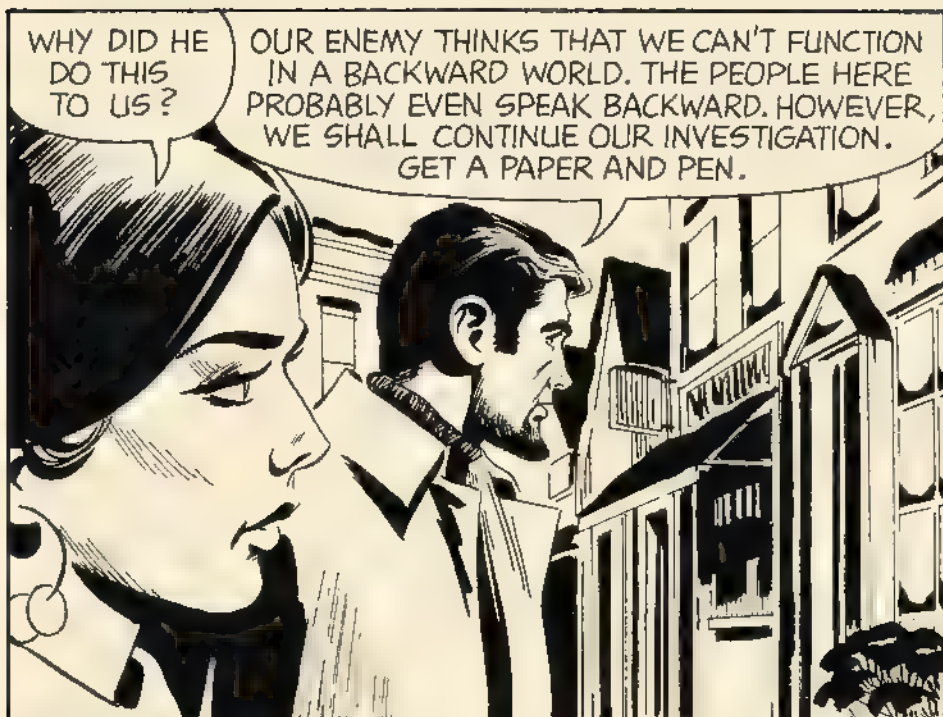
MIRROR? BUT
I DIDN'T...

I SHOULD
HAVE EXPECTED
THIS. I MUST
BE GETTING
CLOSE.



WHY DID HE
DO THIS
TO US?

OUR ENEMY THINKS THAT WE CAN'T FUNCTION
IN A BACKWARD WORLD. THE PEOPLE HERE
PROBABLY EVEN SPEAK BACKWARD. HOWEVER,
WE SHALL CONTINUE OUR INVESTIGATION.
GET A PAPER AND PEN.



WRITE THIS: "SIR, WE ARE DEAF-MUTES. WE
WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF ANYONE HAS BEEN
BUYING LARGE QUANTITIES OF MIRRORS.
PLEASE WRITE HIS NAME AND ADDRESS
DOWN. THANK YOU." NOW REWRITE
THEM BACKWARDS.



SINCE WEIR IS FAMILIAR WITH
STANFORD, HE IS ABLE TO FIND HIS
WAY DESPITE THE FACT THAT ALL
SIGNS ARE BACKWARDS.



YAM I
JEH
SUOY

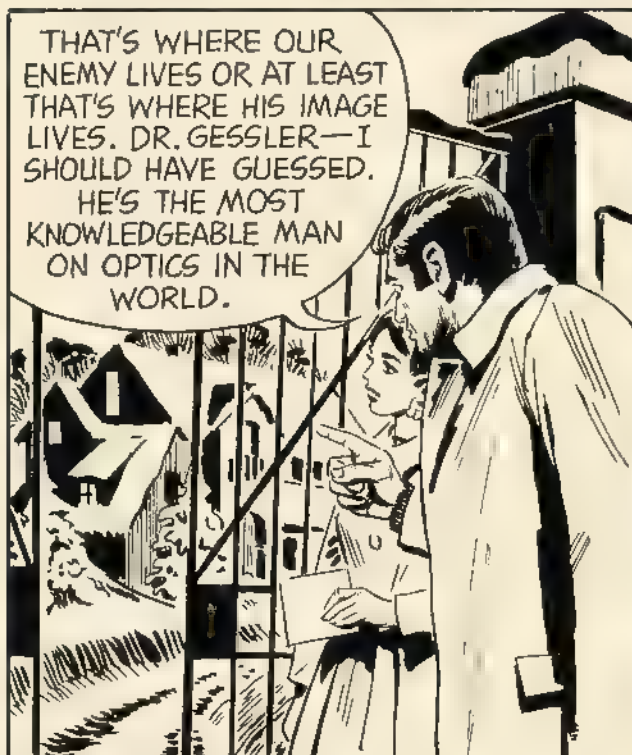
ER'UOY
NI UOJ.

WHAT DOES
IT SAY?

I DON'T KNOW—IT'S
BACKWARD.

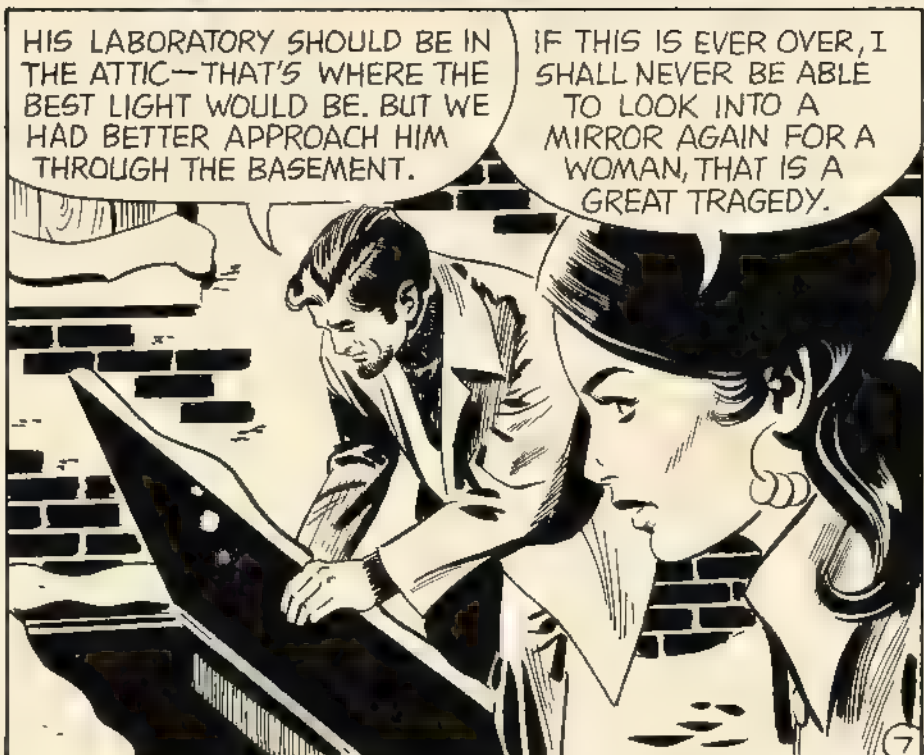


THAT'S WHERE OUR
ENEMY LIVES OR AT LEAST
THAT'S WHERE HIS IMAGE
LIVES. DR. GESSLER—I
SHOULD HAVE GUESSED.
HE'S THE MOST
KNOWLEDGEABLE MAN
ON OPTICS IN THE
WORLD.



HIS LABORATORY SHOULD BE IN
THE ATTIC—THAT'S WHERE THE
BEST LIGHT WOULD BE. BUT WE
HAD BETTER APPROACH HIM
THROUGH THE BASEMENT.

IF THIS IS EVER OVER, I
SHALL NEVER BE ABLE
TO LOOK INTO A
MIRROR AGAIN FOR A
WOMAN, THAT IS A
GREAT TRAGEDY.





VERY CARELESS OF ME NOT TO BRING A FLASHLIGHT. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND A SWITCH.

WHY IS DR. GESSLER COMMITTING THESE MURDERS?

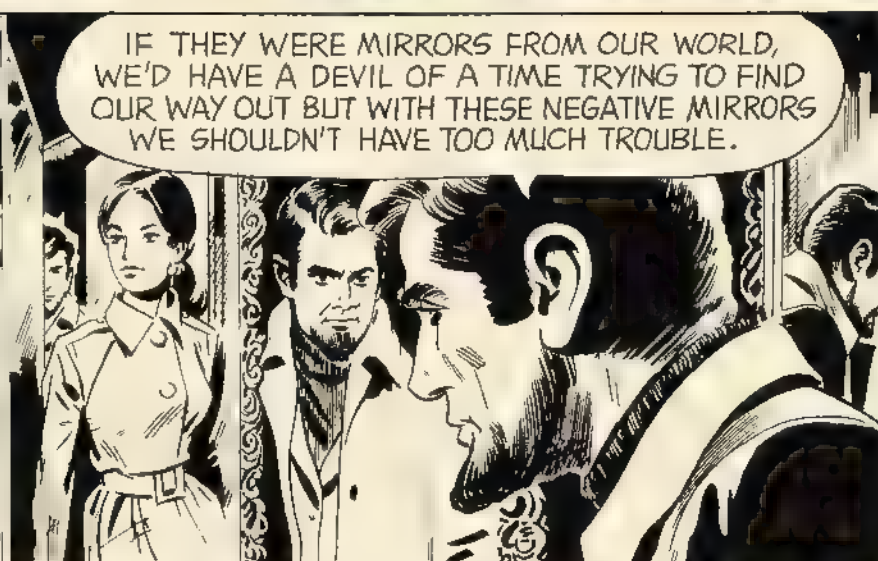
OBVIOUSLY GESSLER HAS NO INTENTION OF GIVING HIS DISCOVERIES TO THE WORLD. HE PLANS TO USE THEM FOR HIS OWN GAIN BUT BEFORE HE CAN DO THIS, HE MUST ELIMINATE EVERYONE WHO KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT HIS RESEARCH.



AH, HERE'S A LIGHT SWITCH!



MIRRORS! WE'RE IN A MAZE!



IF THEY WERE MIRRORS FROM OUR WORLD, WE'D HAVE A DEVIL OF A TIME TRYING TO FIND OUR WAY OUT BUT WITH THESE NEGATIVE MIRRORS WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TOO MUCH TROUBLE.



OCTOBER!



THE MIRRORS SPEW FORTH A HERD OF NIGHTMARISH MONSTROSITIES.

COVER YOURSELF WITH YOUR COAT! I'M GOING TO SHATTER THESE MIRRORS!



THERE'S THE CONTROL MIRROR.
IF I CAN FOCUS IT ON TO OUR
OWN WORLD. WE MIGHT BE
ABLE TO GET BACK.

!XOUJ 0000...UH, THAT'S
BACKWARD FOR
GOOD LUCK!



DESPERATELY, WEIR EXPERIMENTS WITH THE
CONTROLS UNTIL AT LAST...

VIDA! I'VE SUCCEEDED!
WE CAN RETURN TO OUR
HOTEL ROOM--THE ONE
THAT WE'VE PAID FOR.



LOOK AT THIS. I FOUND IT
WRAPPED AND ADDRESSED TO
US. DO YOU SUPPOSE
DR. GESSLER WAS PREPAR-
ING TO SEND US
ANOTHER DEMON?

NO, DEAR. I DOUBT IF
GESSLER WOULD TRUST
OUR MURDERS TO A
JUKDOK AFTER THEIR
FAILURE TO GET US THE
FIRST TIME. WHAT YOU
ARE HOLDING IS
GESSLER HIMSELF!



BRING ME A CAN OF
PAINT AND A BRUSH.



FOR YOUR CRIMES, DR. GESSLER,
AND FOR THE THREAT YOU
PRESENT TO OUR WORLD AND
AN INFINITE NUMBER OF
OTHERS, I HEREBY
SENTENCE YOU TO...



...LIFE
IMPRISONMENT!



THAT WAS A SHATTERING
EXPERIENCE BUT AT
LEAST DR. GESSLER
WILL HAVE PLENTY OF
TIME REFLECT ON HIS
CRIMES.



HEY THERE, SPACE SPOOKS, READY TO EXPLORE THE INNERMOST WRETCHES OF YOUR MIND? THEN FASTEN YOUR *SEAT BELT* AS WE DROP DOWN TO A QUANTLY PRIMITIVE PLANET AND EXAMINE THE...



SET 'ER DOWN GENTLY, MR. CASSIDY! I DON'T INTEND TO SPEND MY REMAINING DAYS ON A PLANET WHOSE INHABITANTS HAVE BEEN *DEAD* FOR SEVERAL THOUSAND YEARS!

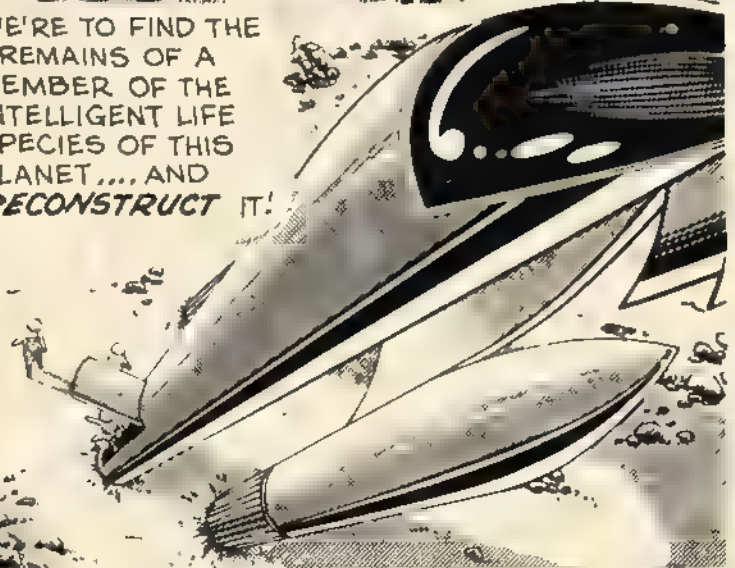
AYE AYE, CAPTAIN!



YOU ARE BOTH FAMILIAR WITH OUR ASSIGNMENT...

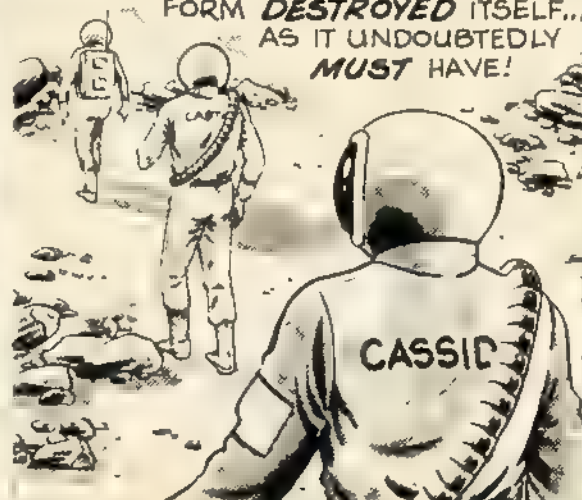


WE'RE TO FIND THE REMAINS OF A MEMBER OF THE INTELLIGENT LIFE SPECIES OF THIS PLANET... AND *RECONSTRUCT* IT!



ONCE RECONSTRUCTED, WE MAY HAVE A POSSIBLE CLUE TO WHY THIS LIFE-FORM *DESTROYED* ITSELF... AS IT UNDOUBTEDLY *MUST* HAVE!

THEN MAYBE OUR OWN RACE CAN LEARN A VALUABLE LESSON FROM IT!



HERE, CAPN!
I THINK I'VE
FOUND
SOMETHING!

IT LOOKS LIKE PART OF A
SKELETON... PROTRUDING
FROM THE GROUND!!
HALF BURIED
UNDER THIS
RUBBLE!!

A SHOVEL...
QUICK, MR.
CASSIDY!

LOOK! IT'S PARTIALLY
COVERED BY THE
REMAINS OF SOME
SORT OF **DWELLING!**
THIS IS INDEED THE
INTELLIGENT LIFE-FORM!
ONLY A **REASONING**
CREATURE IS CAPABLE
OF BUILDING A SHELTER
FROM THE ELEMENTS!!

CAPTAIN,
LOOK!
AN EYE!!
IT'S STILL
INTACT...
AFTER
CENTURIES!

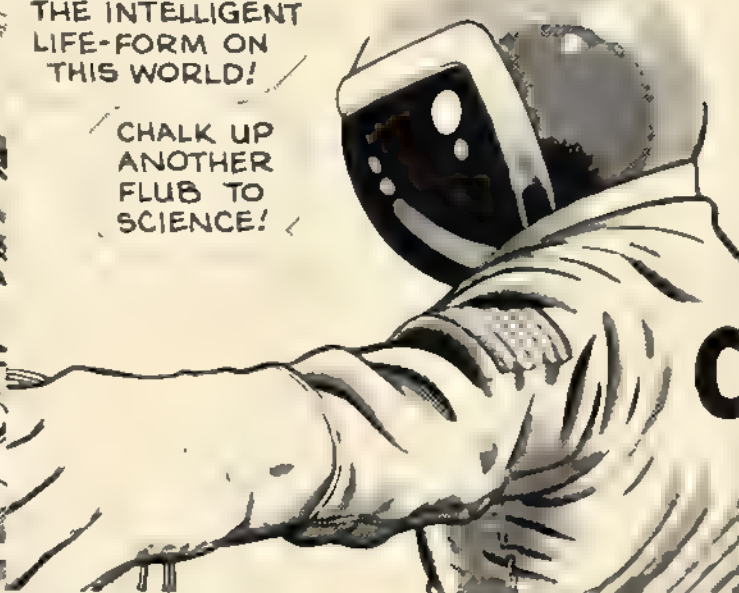
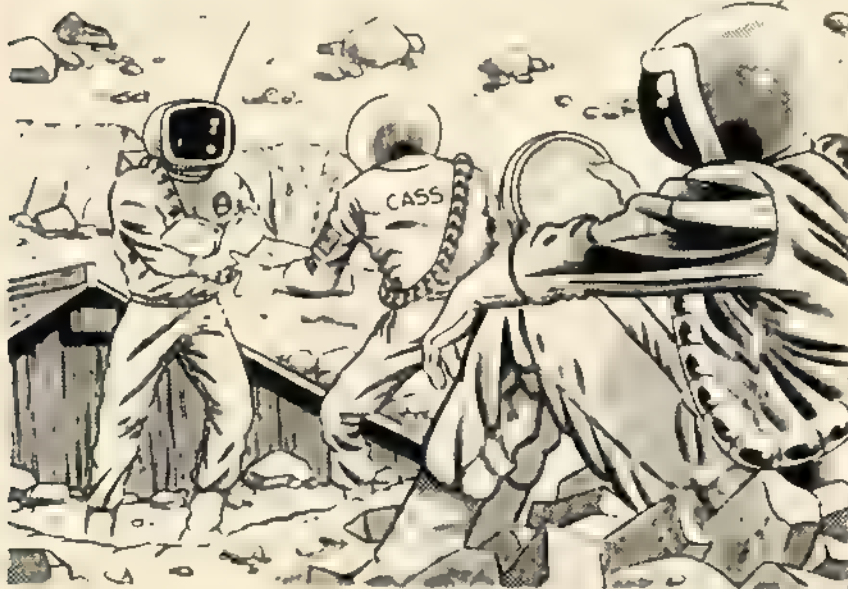
BUT WHAT **FORM** OF
LIFE WAS IT? THE
SKELETON IS A
VERY ENDURING
SUBSTANCE... IT LOOKS
ALMOST **BLACK,**
COMPARED TO OUR OWN
WHITE BONE STRUCTURE!

REMARKABLE
PRESERVATION,
BUT IT
DOES SEEM
TO BE THE
CREATURE'S
VISUAL
APPARATUS!
IT'S ALMOST
INSECT-
LIKE IN
APPEARANCE!
SO ROUND!

THIS IS MOST STRANGE! THE SKELETON INDICATES THE CREATURE WAS A **REPTILE**... AND USED ALL FOURS TO GET AROUND ON! YET THIS EYE INDICATES IT MAY HAVE BEEN A MONSTROUS **INSECT**!!

THAT SURE BLOWS THE THEORY OF **MAMMALS** EVOLVING INTO THE INTELLIGENT LIFE-FORM ON THIS WORLD!

CHALK UP ANOTHER FLUB TO SCIENCE!



CAP'N, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, BUT I'VE JUST UNEARTHED WHAT APPEARS TO BE THIS CREATURE'S **DIGESTIVE TRACT** AND **INTESTINES**! T... THEY SEEM TO BE **PETRIFIED**!!

PETRIFIED? WHY THAT'S IT!! THAT'S WHY THE EYE IS INTACT...AND THE SKELETON IS OF SUCH A HARD SUBSTANCE!!

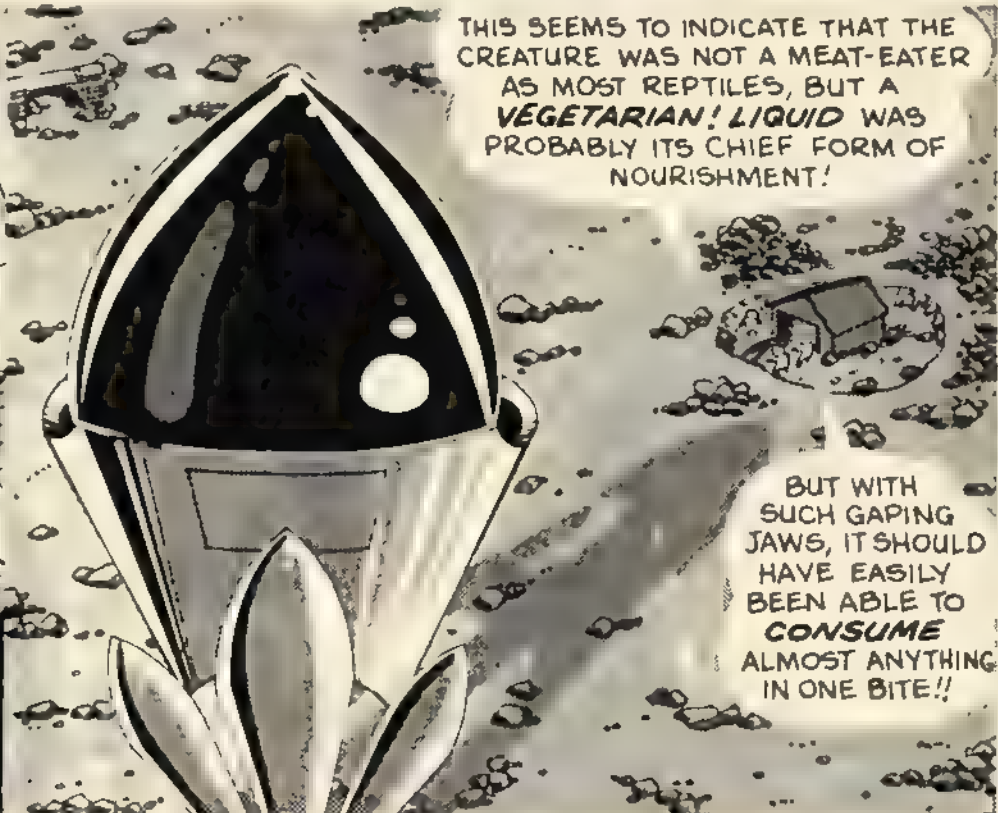


IF IT'S TRULY PETRIFIED WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO UNCOVER EVERY PART OF ITS ANATOMY!

THE **JAWS**, SIR! AND THEY'RE COMPLETELY **INTACT**!

B... BUT THERE'S NO **TEETH**!!

THIS SEEMS TO INDICATE THAT THE CREATURE WAS NOT A MEAT-EATER AS MOST REPTILES, BUT A **VEGETARIAN**! **LIQUID** WAS PROBABLY ITS CHIEF FORM OF NOURISHMENT!



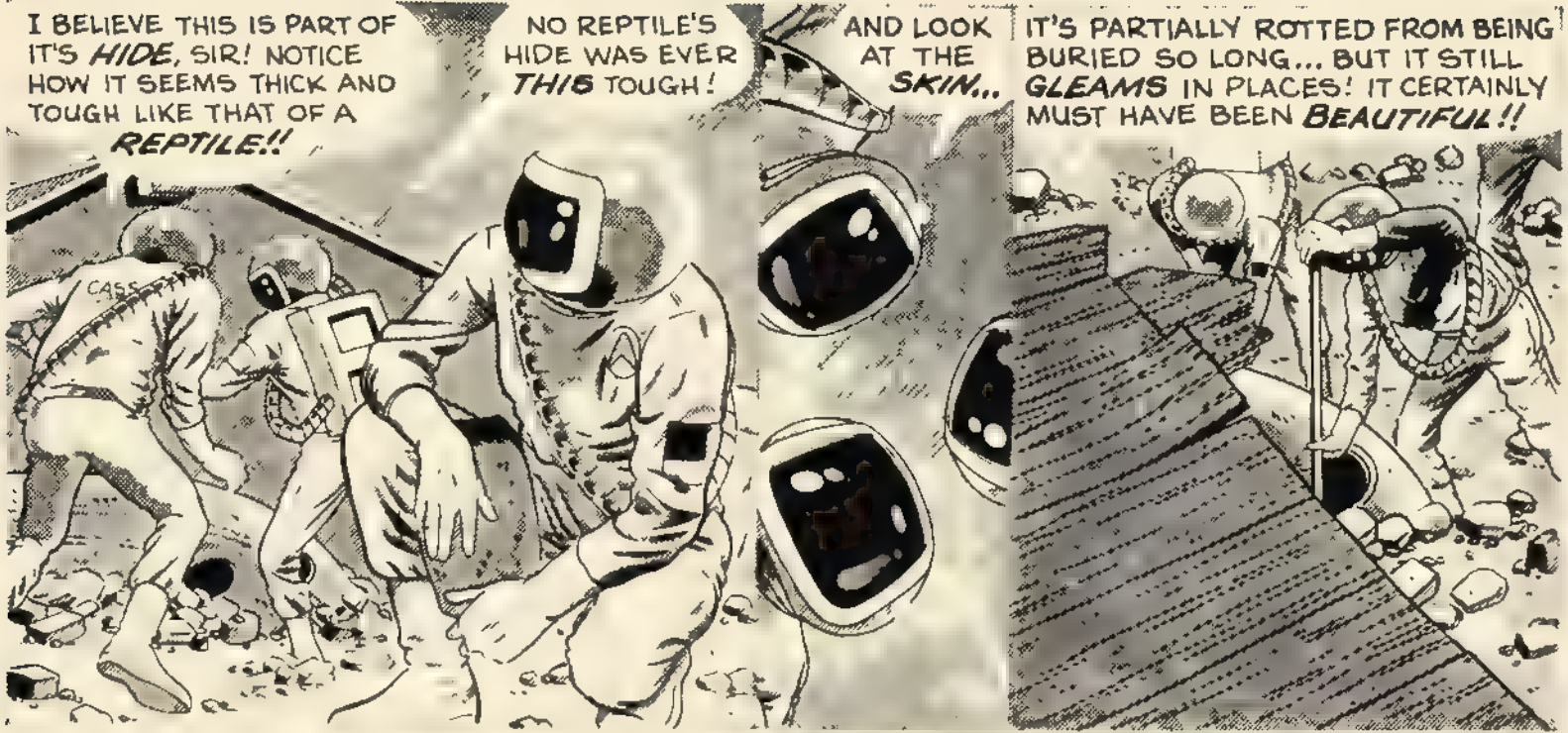
BUT WITH SUCH GAPING JAWS, IT SHOULD HAVE EASILY BEEN ABLE TO **CONSUME** ALMOST ANYTHING IN ONE BITE!!

I BELIEVE THIS IS PART OF
IT'S *HIDE*, SIR! NOTICE
HOW IT SEEMS THICK AND
TOUGH LIKE THAT OF A
REPTILE!!

NO REPTILE'S
HIDE WAS EVER
THIS TOUGH!

AND LOOK
AT THE
SKIN...

IT'S PARTIALLY ROTTED FROM BEING
BURIED SO LONG... BUT IT STILL
GLEAMS IN PLACES! IT CERTAINLY
MUST HAVE BEEN *BEAUTIFUL!!*



BEAUTIFUL AND
STRANGE! IN OUR
TRAVELS AROUND
THE UNIVERSE,
NEVER HAVE WE
ENCOUNTERED A
LIVING CREATURE
SUCH AS *THIS!!*

WHY DO
YOU THINK
IT'S RACE
DIED OUT,
SIR?

JUST SPECULATION, BUT I'D SAY *OVER-
POPULATION* WAS THE MAIN REASON!
TOO MANY OF THE LITTLE BRUTES VERY
PROBABLY CONGESTED TOO SMALL OF
A SPACE TO EXIST HARMONIOUSLY!!

UNDOUBTEDLY, THEY POLLUTED
THEIR ENVIRONMENT AND
CONSUMED THE GREATER
PORTION OF THEIR *EDIBLE*
RESERVES!!



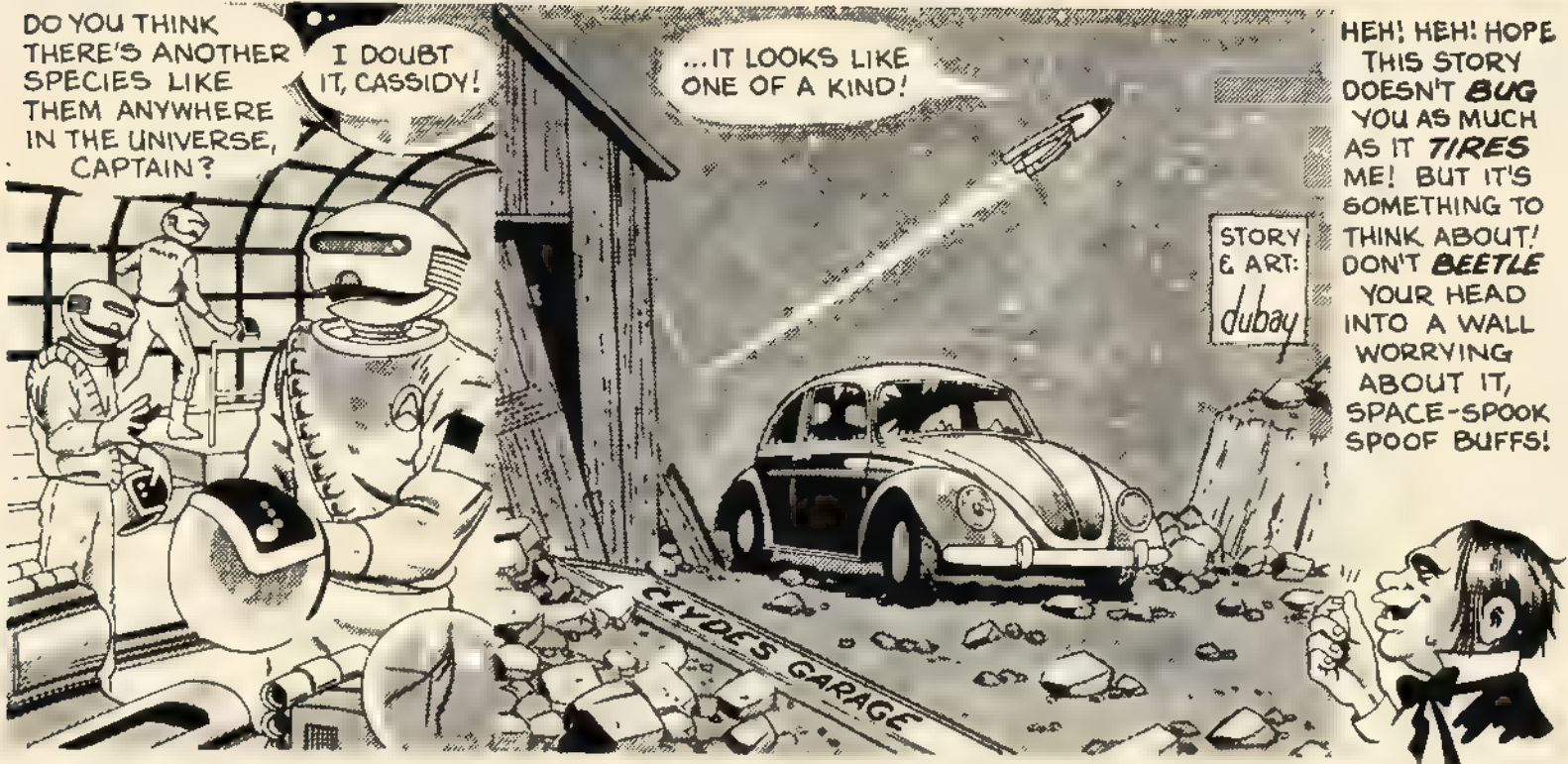
THEN THEY
DIED A
SLOW AND
TORMENTED
DEATH!!

...SUICIDE
OF A RACE!!

DO YOU THINK
THERE'S ANOTHER
SPECIES LIKE
THEM ANYWHERE
IN THE UNIVERSE,
CAPTAIN?

I DOUBT
IT, CASSIDY!

...IT LOOKS LIKE
ONE OF A KIND!



HEH! HEH! HOPE
THIS STORY
DOESN'T *BUG*
YOU AS MUCH
AS IT *TIRES*
ME! BUT IT'S
SOMETHING TO
THINK ABOUT!
DON'T *BEETLE*
YOUR HEAD
INTO A WALL
WORRYING
ABOUT IT,
SPACE-SPOOK
SPOOF BUFFS!

STORY
& ART:
dubay



EERIE FANTASIES

THE PROPHECIC DREAM

by Carmen Minchella
East Detroit, Michigan

In the darkness of the bedroom, the woman awoke suddenly. A shrill wailing was sounding through the hallway. Her husband roused himself at her side, asking sleepily, "Wh-what is it?"

"Something must have frightened William," the woman replied, adding, "I'll see to it."

The man's head sank back onto the pillow as his wife threw on a robe and disappeared down the dark hall.

The woman, feeling her way through the darkness, finally found her son's room. The little boy sat up in his bed, sobbing in terror, tears glistening down his shiny cheeks.

"What's wrong, darling?" she asked as she caressed the small boy's face.

"Oh, Mother, I had the most awful dream! I dreamt I had grown big and ugly, and that nobody liked me. They trapped me in a big building and set fire to it. Then they watched me burn. All the flaming timbers were falling on me. And it hurt so much." A fresh torrent of tears cascaded down the lad's face.

His mother cuddled him, and reassured him that dreams never hurt anyone. She told him to go back to sleep and try to forget. Then she left the room. The boy did go back to sleep, and the dream was never repeated. But it was never forgotten either.

Many years later, when he became a man, the boy, whose name was William Henry Pratt, would change his name to Boris Karloff. He would star in a motion picture version of FRANKENSTEIN, in which he would portray a hideous man-made monster whom the villagers trapped in a burning mill. And who screamed at his enemies as burning timbers fell around him.



A FLASH GORDON-ISH HERO ENCOUNTERS BEMS
Bug-eyed interpretation by Art Suydan, Trenton, N.J.

ESCAPE CLAWS

by David O'Dell
Sunnyvale, Cal.

It was autumn and the clouds hung oppressively in the air. It was foggy and damp. Dreadfully damp. And, although it was only early evening, night was reaching out with velvet black fingers to engulf the day.

With each passing moment, John Reed became more and more nervous. His hands began trembling and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

For this was the first night of the full moon and John Reed was a werewolf.

He had taken the precaution of double-locking his door, but he knew that wouldn't hold

him in. He didn't wish to harm anyone, but it was beyond his control.

He walked over to the window, parted the curtains and looked toward the darkening sky. Fear knawed at his heart as the clouds separated to reveal the bright full moon.

"Oh my God. Not again. Why does it have to happen? Why me...?"

But John Reed's thoughts began to twist about in his mind. He stopped thinking clearly. He was confused. For now the transformation was beginning.

In the next room sat William Jeffries. He looked down at the gun he held in his hand. He

knew what he must do. He placed six silver bullets into the chambers as he heard the savage thrashing in the other room. He could hear his friend clawing at the heavy oak door, uttering a pitiful whine.

Suddenly the door burst open. Three shots rang out in rapid succession. The beast lay sprawled on the floor and slowly it began to resume the form of John Reed. William Jeffries rushed to him and cradled the dying man's head in his arm.

"Thank you," said John as he choked for air. "It was the only way for me to escape. The only way."

"Yes," said William. "The only way."

William laughed. His lips parted to reveal a set of gleaming white fangs. His body arched over the crumpled figure that had been his friend, John Reed.

For John, the night had ended. For William, it was just beginning.

NUTS TO YOU!

by Rodney Schroeter

Random Lake, Wisconsin

An alien space ship landed next to an important-looking building. Inside, a huge scaly green monster stood at a control panel.

"Soon," he gloated aloud, "I shall have the secrets of the earth men! I shall start at this building and set up my mind-reading equipment. All the knowledge of every human in that building will be transferred to my mind."

The alien looked at the huge sign outside the building, but he wasn't able to read it. "I cannot read the earth languages," he said. "But that is of no consequence. If this place has no secrets, I shall go to another and another."

When he had finished setting up his strange machine, he donned a headset and began to concentrate intently.

After a few minutes, the alien ship took off again. Suddenly it seemed to go out of control, then flew off, away from the earth and back to deepest space.

Far below, inside the insane asylum he had just monitored, not a soul missed him.



No, that's not your old favorite, freakish, unpredictable Cousin Eerie in the picture on the left above. It's a starlet screamale tastelessly impersonating your favorite magazine host.

The actress' name is Edy Williams, and tho she's no Vampi, she's all right. You see her for her honest self in the middle photo, without the psychological advantage of a

Cousin Eerie mask. She is standing aside 20th-Century Fox's head make-up man, John Chambers

Mr. Chambers created the makeup for the latest 20th Century Fox spectacular monstrous science-fiction film, **BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES**. One of his man-ape creations is at right, and incidentally, a whole barrelful of them will grace the cover of

the October issue of **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**.

The photos of Miss Williams as yours truly, with John Chambers, were run in Sunday newspaper supplements all across the country. Rumors that Miss Williams, who vaguely resembles Raquel Welch, will star in **EERIE BLECCHINRIDGE**, a sequel to **MYRA BRECKINRIDGE**, are entirely unfounded.

MISTAKE

by David E. Bruegel
didn't say where

In a closely hidden observatory a scientist was making a serious and startling discovery. He had just perceived that the earth's core was about to explode. It would happen in just a matter of weeks. He grew frantic. What was he going to do. How could he survive? He had to save himself. No matter what it took.

The plans! Yes, the plans! They would save him. He had drawn up plans for a new spacecraft, but had never done anything with them. It was time to do something now. And not much time was left. But he

must keep his project an absolute secret.

That night he went over the plans. Thrust—500,000 MPH. Fuel—100,000 gallons, plus adequate reserves. It would just barely get him to where he had to go. He went to bed that night thinking of it. Thinking of all the lives that would be snuffed out. He thought of himself. The only one who would escape with his life.

Next morning, he began building feverishly. He ordered supplies from other than the usual sources. To protect the secrecy of his project. He worked far into the night for many nights. The weeks

passed quickly.

One day, the earth began feeling the first tremors. Earthquakes, said the newspapers. But he knew. And his work took on a new urgency. He must hurry or be lost with the others.

He gathered supplies he would need to start a new life on a new planet. He overlooked nothing. He was careful, ever so careful not to arouse suspicion.

He loaded the supplies into the ship, finishing just in time for his final countdown. He was amazed at how much he had accomplished in a few weeks. Now all was in readiness.

The day was here and he was ready for it. He blasted off. And in a short while, the green earth was in his dim past and he was landing on a fresh, new planet. The new

planet wasn't much different from the Earth. It had air and water, and plenty of vegetation. Perfect for the support of life. His life.

He unloaded his supplies and then went to sleep. He had worked hard and deserved the rest.

During the night, he was awakened by a violent rumbling. The sky glowed blood red as tongues of flames licked the air. What was happening? Had he made a mistake? Was this planet exploding, too? Before his mind could form the answers, the world around him shuddered and shook. It exploded in a shower of rocks and dirt. And the fragmented remains of one dead man

Many years later, earth expeditions found traces of the dead planet. Could life have evolved here. No one cared to speculate.

ART BY
GRAY
MORROW
FOR "THE
MISTAKE"



WELCOME, DEAR *FIENDS*, TO THIS
CLASSIC OF *GORE-LORE*... A TALE
OF *INHUMAN BONDAGE* THAT'LL
MAKE YOU *CRINGE*...AND *CREEP*
A LITTLE CLOSER TO THE *COMFORT*
OF YOUR *CRUCIFIX*...



LOOK!
GRANDMAMA,
SOMEONE IS
HURT!



AUSTRIA 1867
WHILE THE YOUNG
EMPEROR *FRANZ JOSEF*
FILLS THE CITIES WITH
ART AND MUSIC, THE
VILLAGES LIVE IN THE
SHADOW OF SUPERSTITION
AND TERROR.
ON THE ROAD TO
LEINZDORF A CARAVAN
PAUSES...



...BETTER TO HAVE LEFT
HIM, THERESE. IF HE DIES,
HOW DO WE EXPLAIN A CORPSE
TO THE LEINZDORF POLICE?

KEN
BARR

HE HAS BEEN
BITTEN BY SOME
ANIMAL! WE MUST
GET HIM TO A DOCTOR
-AND *SOON!*



BUT WE CAN'T
JUST *LEAVE* HIM. WE'LL
CAMP HERE TONIGHT, AND
TOMORROW TAKE HIM TO
THE VILLAGE...

BUT DARKNESS BRINGS NO REST TO ERIK FELDMAN. STRANGE TORMENTED DREAMS DISTURB HIM AND HIS CRIES OF TERROR RING IN THEIR EARS... AS HE REMEMBERS...



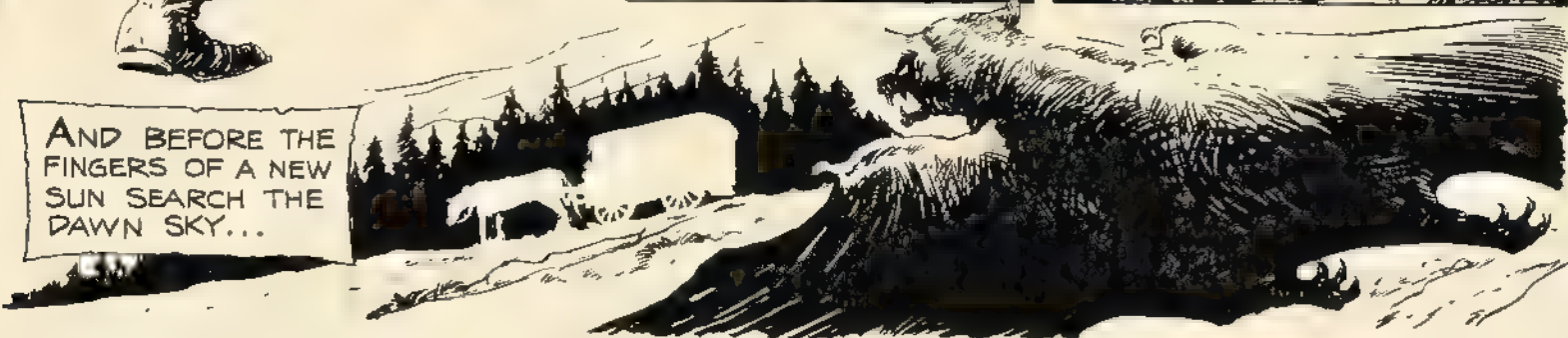
I BEG
OF YOU,
THERESE,
NO GOOD
WILL COME
OF **HELPING**
HIM LET
US ABANDON
HIM HERE—
NOW!

BUT THE WOLVES
OF THE FOREST
WILL **DEVOUR**
HIM, HE WILL—

HE IS
ALREADY
CURSED! I
SAW IN HIS
HAND THE
MARK OF THE
PENTAGRAM
HE HAS BEEN
CHOSEN BY
SATAN
HIMSELF!

THE VERY AIR TREMBLES
WITH THE NEARNESS OF **EVIL**.
I HAVE SEEN MANY THINGS,
AND WE MUST **PROTECT**
OURSELVES IF HE IS TO BE
HELPED. THEN WE MUST
CONTINUE OUR JOURNEY.

AND BEFORE THE
FINGERS OF A NEW
SUN SEARCH THE
DAWN SKY...



LEATHERY BAT-WINGS
HOVER, DISSOLVE, AND
TAKE A MORE
SINISTER SHAPE...

SO YOU
DESTROYED MY WOLF,
FARMER. THEN KNOW,
THAT HE WHO SURVIVES
THE BITE OF THE *WERE-
BEAST* WILL HIMSELF *BECOME*
A *WOLF*. I, *KARGOS*
WILL, IN TIME, SUMMON YOU,
AND YOU WILL OBEY!

IN THE FESTIVE DAYS
THAT FOLLOW, ERIK'S
WOUND HEALS, AND
HE TELLS THEM OF
BEING ATTACKED AND
BITTEN BY A LARGE
WOLF WHILE RETURNING
FROM HIS VILLAGE.
FLEEING IN PAIN AND
SHOCK, WAS FOUND
BY THE GYPSIES...

YOU WHO NOW BEAR THE
MARK OF THE BLOOD-BEAST,
HEAR ME AND OBEY! I COMMAND
YOU IN THE NAME OF SATAN!
CREATURE OF THE NIGHT!
COME TO ME!

IN THE
CEMETRY
OVERLOOKING
THE VILLAGE
OF LEINZDORF...





WHO ARE
YOU? WHERE -

EMPTY OF ALL BUT THE
INSTINCT TO KILL - THE
MAN-BEAST ERIK FELDMANN
MARKED BY SATAN, SLAVE
TO THE UNDEAD -
DRENCHES THE NIGHT IN
HORROR AND DEATH...

WHILE **KARGOS** VISITS
THE SLEEPING THERESE...



IN THE CEMETRY.
THE AFTERNOON
SUN DISPELS THE
SHADOWS, AND
STIRS ONLY THE
LIVING...

WEARILY, ERIC STAGGERS TO THE
VILLAGE...WHISPERS OF *VAMPIR*
AND *MAN-BEAST* REACH HIS EARS
BEFORE HE CAN ASK FURTHER,
HE LEARNS - *THERESE IS DEAD!*

HOW-HOW
COULD IT HAVE
HAPPENED!

YOU
LOOK UPSET,
MY FRIEND,
DID YOU KNOW
THIS GIRL?

...MY NAME IS ZANBERT.
INSPECTOR ZANBERT OF
THE INNSBRUCK POLICE I
AM INVESTIGATING THESE-
AH - INCIDENTS, AND OTHERS
SMILIAR, IN THIS AREA...

THERE'S
NOTHING
MUCH I CAN
TELL YOU.
THERESE AND
HER GRAND-
MOTHER
HELPED ME
WHEN - I
WAS ILL.
!...!

BUT HE TURNS AWAY

I'M *SURE* YOU
CAN TELL ME A
GREAT DEAL *MORE*.
WE WILL WATCH YOU
VERY CLOSELY.
PERHAPS THE
TRAGEDIES IN THIS
VILLAGE AND YOUR
ILLNESS...ARE
CONNECTED...

ZANBERT'S VIGILANCE IS SOON REWARDED. A FULL MOON LURKS BEHIND THE RAGGED FABRIC OF DARK CLOUDS AND OUTLINES A SOLITARY FIGURE, HURRYING AS IF IN ANSWER TO A SUMMONS FROM SATAN HIMSELF.



HE'S
HEADING FOR
THE ABANDONED
MINE...



EVEN WHILE THE CURSE
BEGINS TO CHANGE HIS BODY,
HIS WILL STRUGGLES TO
RESIST...



... BUT HIS ANGUISHED
CRY BECOMES A
DEEP MENACING
SNARL ...



STILL...

DEEP IN THE TORTURED
MEMORY OF THE **MAN-
BEAST** A VAGUE STIRRING-
AS IF IN A DREAM- HE
HOLDS THE POOR DRAINED
BODY OF THERESE...

**BACK! HE
I COMMAND!
I AM YOUR
MASTER**

**BACK!
GO
BACK!**

**GROWWW-
GROWRR**

**FELDMANN!
I SENSE HIS FURY!
IN HIS VERY SOUL --
HE KNOWS!**

IN THE OLD MINE-
THE **MASTER**
WAITS--



WITH THE SCREAM
OF A SOUL IN
TORMENT - ERIK
LUNGES ...

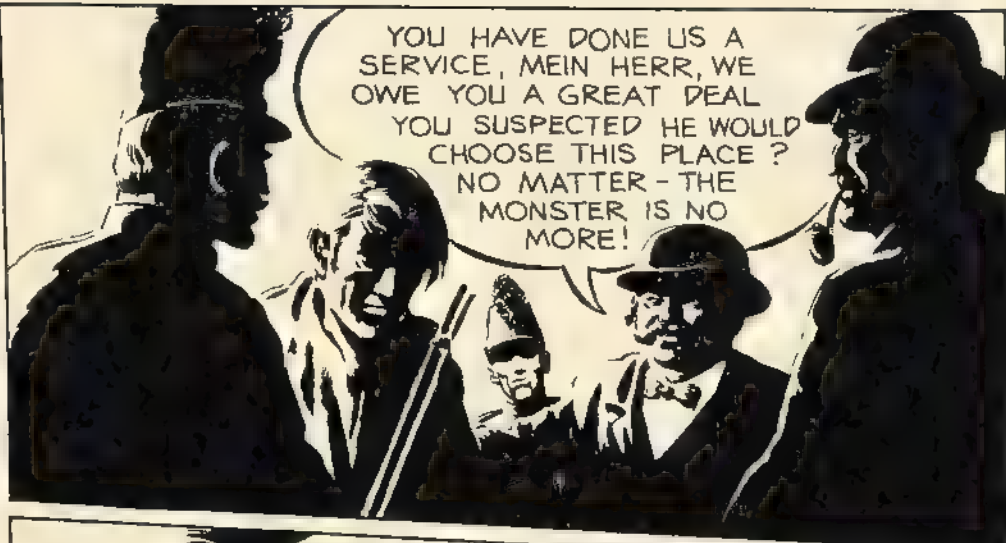


RELEASED FROM THE
POWERS OF KARGOS, ERIK
RESUMES ONCE AGAIN
HIS HUMAN FORM...

MY GOD!
HE CAME HERE
TO DESTROY THE
VAMPYR!



YOU HAVE DONE US A
SERVICE, MEIN HERR, WE
OWE YOU A GREAT DEAL
YOU SUSPECTED HE WOULD
CHOOSE THIS PLACE?
NO MATTER - THE
MONSTER IS NO
MORE!



THIS *CREATURE* USED
LESSER BEINGS FROM HIS
WORLD TO DIVERT ATTENTION
FROM HIS *OWN ACTIVITIES*.
WE FOUND THE BODY OF A
MAN NEAR THE VILLAGE OF
GUERTZEN. HE HAD BEEN
KILLED WITH AN AXE. NO
TELLING HOW LONG
HE'D BEEN DEAD...

YOUR'E FROM
GUERTZEN, ARE'NT
YOU?



ERIK NODS, AND
LATER AS THE FRESH
CLEAN AIR FROM THE
MINE ENTRANCE DISPELS
THE DARK SHADOWS
FROM HIS MIND -
HE WALKS - AGAIN
A MAN AMONG MEN...



...AND SO, MY *LYCANTHROPIC*
LOVELIES, A *WEREWOLF* NO
LONGER A *WEREWOLF*? ERIK CAN
PUT AWAY HIS *CLAW* AND *FANG*
PAST, AT LAST, UNTIL, AGHAST, HE
FACES THE NEXT *FULL MOON*!

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MONSTERS



FM 1971 FEARBOOK—From the gorgeous new cover by Basil Gogos to pix of Basil Rathbone, Bela and Boris on page 74, you'll find nothing but the very best sampling of our 13 long, lingering, leering years of thrills and chills!

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EASY WAY TO A TUFF SURFBOARD!

HEY! LOOK WHO'S RIDIN' THE BIG ONE IN TANDEM! IT'S DAVE!

WHAT'S HAPPENING? LAST TIME I SAW H.M. HE WAS A BOARDLESS HODAD LIKE YOU AND ME!

WHAT G VES, GUT-BUDDY? HOW'D YOU DIG UP THE COINS FOR THIS MEAN HUNK OF WOOD?

A CUSTOM JOB! AND I'M DOING WELL TO KEEP MYSELF N SMOKES!

IF YOU THINK IT LOOKS GOOD, WAIT'LL YOU TRY IT!

NOT NOW, DAD! TOO WUNDED FROM THE SMOKE... I'D DO WELL TO PADDLE OUT THROUGH THE BREAKERS!

YOU'D DO WELL TO QUIT BURNING UP YOUR POCKET MONEY ON CIGARETTES! I DID AND BANKED THE CASH INSTEAD... YOU'RE LOOKIN AT WHAT IT GOT ME

.. AND, MAN, I NEVER GET WUNDED NOW!

MAKES SENSE! I'D TRADE A SMOKER'S COUGH FOR A BOARD LIKE THAT! LET'S GIVE IT A TRY! MAYBE IN A FEW MONTHS..

SMOKING DOESN'T PAY!

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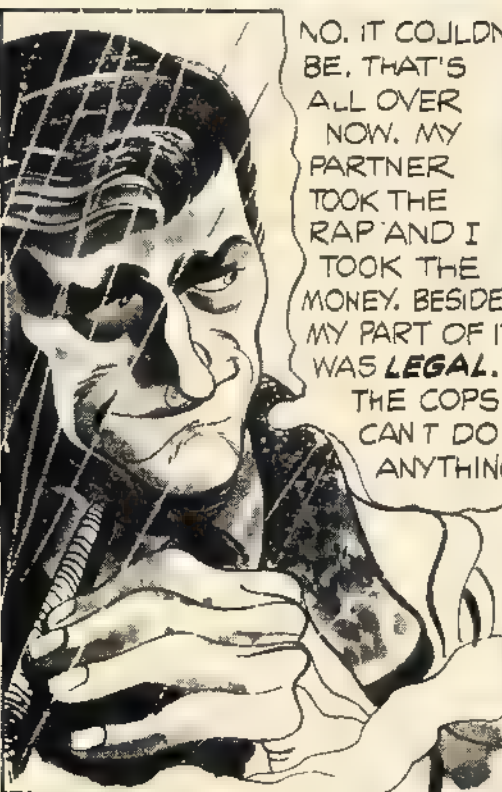
THERE'S NO REASON
WHY ANYONE WOULD
BE FOLLOWING ME...



"UNLESS!"



"COPS!"



NO. IT COULDN'T
BE. THAT'S
ALL OVER
NOW. MY
PARTNER
TOOK THE
RAP AND I
TOOK THE
MONEY. BESIDES,
MY PART OF IT
WAS **LEGAL**.
THE COPS
CAN'T DO
ANYTHING.



CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
BLOP!
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK
CLIK

BUT IF IT'S NOT THE
POLICE, THEN....WHO?

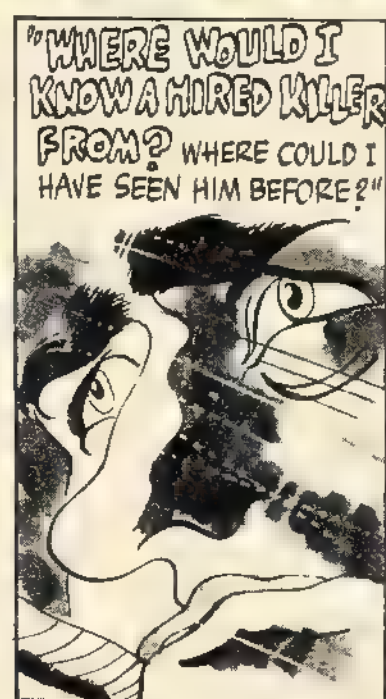
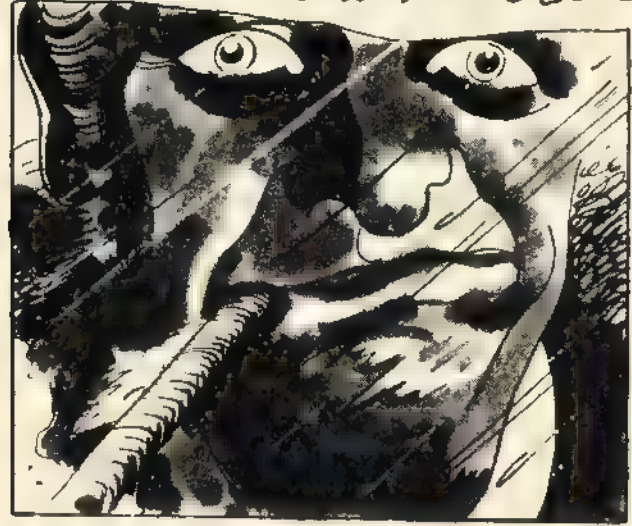


"REVENGE!" THAT'S
IT. RELATIVES AND
FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE
WHO GOT HURT. THEY
WANT REVENGE. AND
THEY CAN'T GET IT
LEGALLY SO....



"THEY'VE HIRED
A KILLER - A PAID
ASSASSIN!"

"OH NO! NO-THEY CAN'T. OH NO! I'LL GO TO THE POLICE!" "NO-I CAN'T! SUPPOSE THEY GET SUSPICIOUS---





"I REMEMBER NOW....!
I WAS THERE AT THE NEW
OFFICE BUILDING WHEN IT
HAPPENED!...THE BUILDING I
HAD BUILT OF CHEAP, FAULTY
MATERIALS...THERE WERE
PEOPLE IN THE BUILDING
ALREADY..."



"I REMEMBER SEEING THEIR
FACES AS IT CRUMBLING IN ON
THEM, BURYING THEM UNDER
TONS OF RUBBLE..."



"THE FRIGHTENED SCREAMING DYING FACES..."





3K-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK! OH, HELLO DEAR. ANYTHING HAPPEN TODAY-



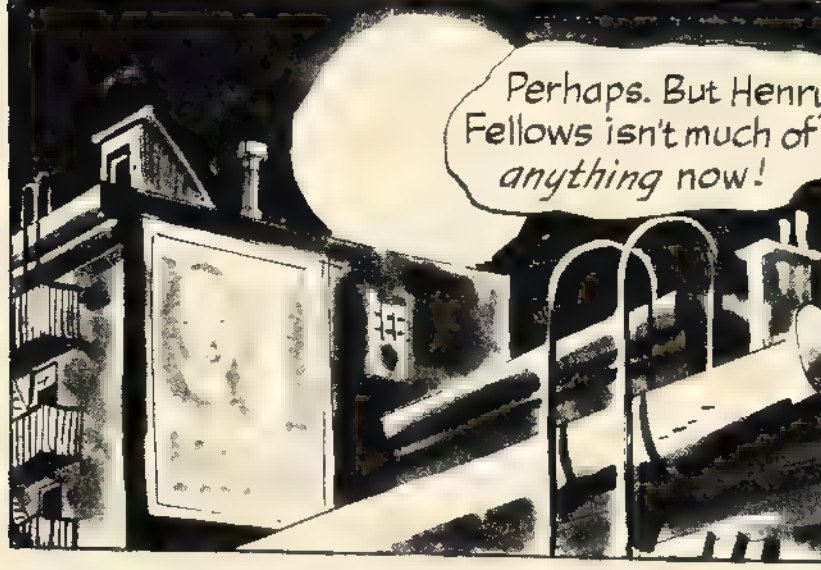
MARGE!
I'M HOME!



NO, NOTH--WAIT. YEAH. ON THE WAY HOME FROM WORK THERE WAS THIS GUY THAT KEPT LOOKING AT ME LIKE I WAS A GHOST. HE FINALLY RAN OFF DOWN AN ALLEY.



FAR AS I COULD TELL, HE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME KIND OF NJT.



Perhaps. But Henry Fellows isn't much of anything now!

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150 WATT

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EGYPT, AND THE UNCOVERING OF A FOURTH DYNASTY TOMB! THE EXPEDITION, SPONSORED BY THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM AND LED BY ARCHAEOLOGIST ROBERT NESMITH HAS FINALLY ENDED IN SUCCESS...

THIS IS IT, MEN... WHAT WE'VE SEARCHED FOR THESE LONG MONTHS!

YES! BUT BOB, WHAT PUZZLES ME IS THIS WEIRD, OUT-OF-THE-WAY UNDERGROUND LOCATION OF THE TOMB!

THE TOMB REEKED OF DECAY. THE NAUSEATING SMELL ATTACKED THE OLFACTORY SENSES OF THE THREE VIOLATORS FROM ANOTHER AGE...

GOOD LORD, BOB! THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT!

THE MUMMY OF AMEN-TUT! AND FROM THE HORRIBLE POSITION HE'S IN, I'D SAY...

PERHAPS WE'LL LEARN MORE AS WE GO ALONG!

... HE WASN'T ENBALMED, BUT WRAPPED AND BURIED ALIVE!

B-BUT WHY WOULD THEY...?



I MAY HAVE THE ANSWER
HERE, PROFESSOR NESMITH!
IT'S A PIECE OF SCROLL...
PART OF THE EGYPTIAN
BOOK OF THE DEAD!
THESE WERE USUALLY
PLACED IN THE TOMB
ALONGSIDE THE
MUMMY!



ACCORDING TO THIS,
THE MUMMY OF AMEN-
TUT COULD NOT
ENTER THE **AFTER-
WORLD** UNTIL HIS
SPIRIT HAD
CONVINCED A COUNCIL
OF FORTY-TWO
SPIRITS THAT HE
HAD LED A
VIRTUOUS LIFE!

BUT ANY
ARCHAEOLOGIST
KNOWS THAT!



FROM WHAT WE ALREADY
KNOW ABOUT AMEN-TUT HE
WAS AN **EVIL SORCERER!**
AND ACCORDING TO THESE
HIEROGLYPHICS...



...AMEN-TUT SWORE THAT IF HE
COULDN'T ENTER THE AFTER-
WORLD, HE'D **RETURN** TO
TERRORIZE THIS ONE! HMMM...
WE'VE HAD OUR SHARE OF
TOMB CURSES BEFORE... BUT
NEVER ONE LIKE
THIS!





NOTHIN' LIKE A NICE FAMILY AFTERNOON AT THE MUSEUM OF SUPERNATURAL HISTORY, GANG! SO COME ON! THE ADMISSION'S FREE AND THE *EERIE EXHIBITS* INCLUDE...

THE RETURN OF AMEN-TUT!

IT HAS BEEN WEEKS SINCE THE BANDAGED, ANCIENT REMAINS OF THE EGYPTIAN SORCERER WERE SHIPPED TO THEIR NEW RESTING PLACE. AND WHAT ONCE HAD BEEN A MAN OF STRANGE, DARK POWERS IS NOW BUT A SILENT, HELPLESS **ATTRACTION** FOR AN ANXIOUS PUBLIC...

A FEW THOUSAND YEARS AGO, AMEN-TUT WOULD HAVE US ALL PUT TO DEATH FOR EVEN LOOKING AT HIM WRONG, PHYLLIS, BUT HERE HE IS... A RESULT OF MY EXPEDITION!

AMEN-TUT
FOURTH
DYNASTY

HE *STILL* LOOKS EVIL, BOB... AND *FRIGHTENING!*

AWW, I BET HE WASN'T SO TOUGH! LOOK HOW *SKINNY* HE WAS!

THAT MAY BE TRUE CHRIS! BUT OLD AMEN-TUT HERE HAD SUPPOSEDLY MASTERED BLACK MAGIC THAT COULD STAND UP AGAINST ANY MAN, NO MATTER WHAT HIS SIZE!

WOW!
REALLY?
MAN!

LATER THAT NIGHT, AT THE NESMITH HOME...

GEE, DAD!
TELL ME
MORE ABOUT
EGYPT AND
MUMMIES
AND STUFF!

YOUR FATHER CAN
TELL YOU
TOMORROW! IT'S
ALREADY PAST
YOUR
BEDTIME!



OK! BUT YOU
PROMISE YOU'LL
TELL ME ALL OF
THOSE THINGS
TOMORROW?

I
PROMISE!



CHRIS NESMITH UPSTAIRS IS SOON
CAPTURED BY SLEEP. BUT
DOWNSTAIRS...

WHAT IS THE
MATTER, DEAR?
YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU'VE... SEEN
A GHOST!

PERHAPS I HAVE,
HONEY! AND IT
WON'T DO ANYONE
ANY GOOD FOR
ME TO KEEP IT
TO MYSELF!



IT'S THE MUMMY PHYLLIS!
I KNOW IT SOUNDS
CRAZY, BUT... FRANKLY,
I WORRIED ABOUT IT!
AMEN-TUT THREATENED
TO RETURN TO LIFE!
I'M NOT THE
SUPERSTITIOUS TYPE,
BUT... WELL, THIS
AMEN-TUT IS
ANOTHER MATTER
ALTOGETHER!



ACCORDING TO MY
RESEARCH, AMEN-TUT
DID POSSESS
WEIRD, OCCULT
ABILITIES! IF
ANYONE COULD
RETURN FROM THE
DEAD... HE
COULD!



I'M NOT GOING TO ARGUE WITH AN
OLD ARCHAEOLOGIST LIKE YOU,
BOB! BUT CAN'T YOU WORRY ABOUT
THAT MUSTY EGYPTIAN TOMORROW?

I...
I
GUESS
SO!



BUT WE NEED NOT WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW... FOR THE AGENTS OF THE SUPERNATURAL ARE FAR LESS PATIENT...

DON'T KNOW WHY I KEEP THIS JOB! THE IDEA OF BEIN' ALONE WITH STUFFED CORPSES AND SHRUNKEN HEADS GIVES ME THE JITTERS!



BUT ALL IN THE MUSEUM...



IS NOT NECESSARILY DEAD... OR AT LEAST, *TRULY DEAD!*



I COULD SWEAR I HEARD SOMETHING... HERE... AT THIS HOUR?!

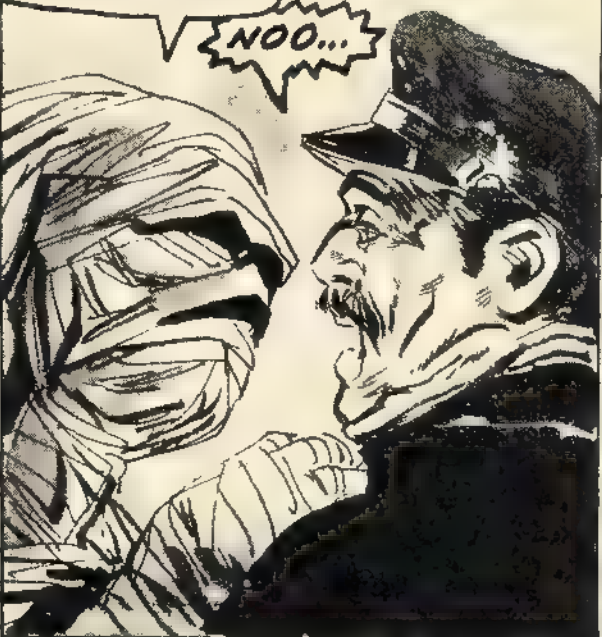


YOU DID MORTAL! *SOMEONE!* THE GREATEST, MOST NEFARIOUS SORCERER OF ALL EGYPT! TURN, CLOD, AND BEHOLD THE AGELESS FACE OF...



AMEN-TUT! THE LIVING MUMMY!! GAZE AT ME, HUMAN, AND VIEW THE LAST SIGHT YOU SHALL EVER SEE!!!

NOO...



THUS DIE ALL WHO DARE INCITE THE WRATH OF AMEN-TUT, THE ALMIGHTY!



ON BANDAGED LEGS NOT IN USE FOR CENTURIES, THE LIVING MUMMY STRIDES INTO THE NIGHT! IN ITS MIND, A GNAWING PLAN BORN LONG AGO...

THOSE PAGANS WHO SOUGHT TO DEFILE MY TOMB! THEY MUST BE THE FIRST TO DIE... THE FIRST TO FEEL MY VENGEANCE!



FINDING THEM WILL BE A SIMPLE TASK AS MY OCCULT SENSES AWAKEN AND LEAD ME TO THE ONES I SEEK!



N-NO! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! THOSE... WRITINGS WERE ONLY...

NO, MORTAL! THEY WERE NOT MERE SUPERSTITIOUS JIBBERISH!



THEY WERE TRUE!

AGGHHHHH! CHOKE! --AAAHHH!!



AND THE SECOND MEMBER OF THAT ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IS NO MORE DIFFICULT TO LOCATE...

SOON IT SHALL BE OVER... SOON I CAN TURN MY POWERS TO CHALLENGING THE WORLD! SOON...!



AND LATER, AT THE HOME OF THE NESMITHS...

PHYLLIS, ARE YOU SURE YOU HEARD SOMETHING OUTSIDE?

MORE THAN HEARD, DEAR! IT'S LIKE I FELT SOMETHING... UNEARTHLY!



YES, STUPID FEMALE! SOMETHING, IN TRUTH, UNEARTHLY!

AMEN-TUT! GET BACK HONEY!



MOMMY! DADDY! WHAT'S ALL THAT
NOISE--
THE MUMMY!

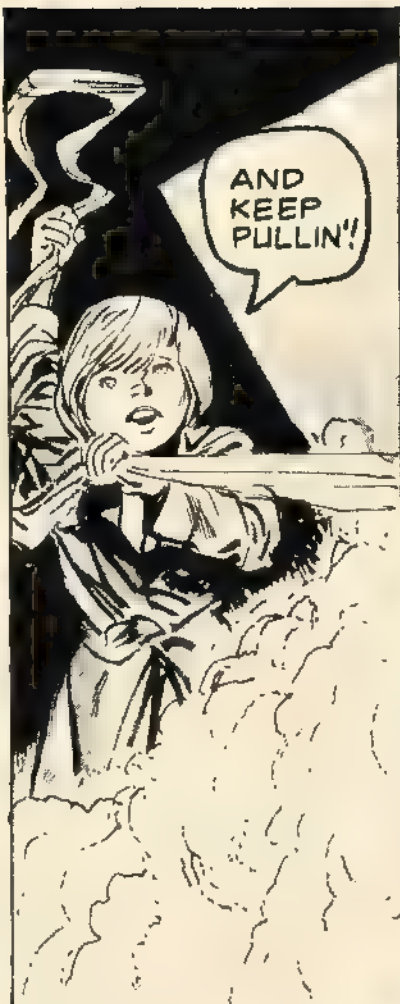
HA, HA, HA! SO YOU DARED STEAL AMEN-TUT'S
REMAINS... PLUNDER HIS WEALTH?! I WHOSE
POWERS ENABLED ME TO RETAIN THE SPARK OF
LIFE THOUGH THE CENTURIES ATE AT
UNHALLOWED GRAVE THIS FLESH?! THEN
YOU AND YOUR WOMAN SHALL BOTH DIE
A MANGLING
DEATH!

GOOD
GOD!
CHRIS!





IT'S UP TO ME... GOTTA SAVE 'EM...! CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO DO... BUT **THIS!**



AND KEEP PULLIN'!



FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE YOU'LL DIE SLOWLY, HORRIBLY AND-- **W-WHAT?! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME... MY LEGS...?!**



I-I'M... FALLING APART! THE BODY WASN'T **EMBALMED!** WITHOUT THE BANDAGES TO HOLD IT **TOGETHER...** THESE ANCIENT BONES AND FLESH ARE TURNING TO... **DUST! YAARRRHNGHHIII!**



SEE, MOMMY... I TOLD YOU THAT MUMMY WASN'T SO TOUGH!



AT LEAST HIS **BODY** WASN'T, CHRIS! AND SINCE AMEN-TUT HAS BEEN **DUSTED OFF** WE MIGHT AS WELL **WRAP** THIS UP AND GET ON TO MY NEXT YELL YARN!

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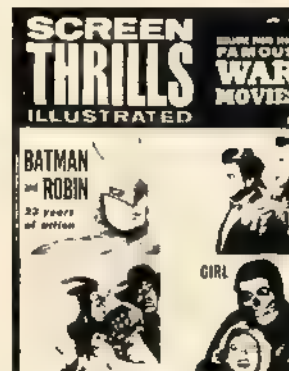
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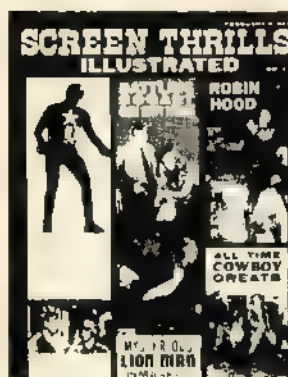
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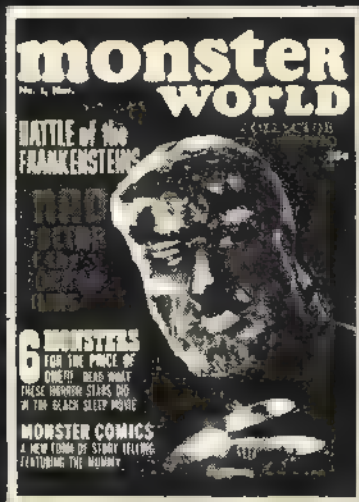
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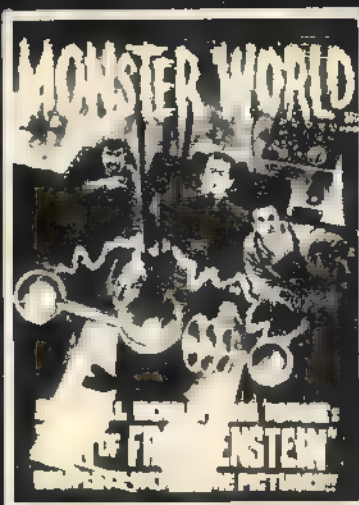
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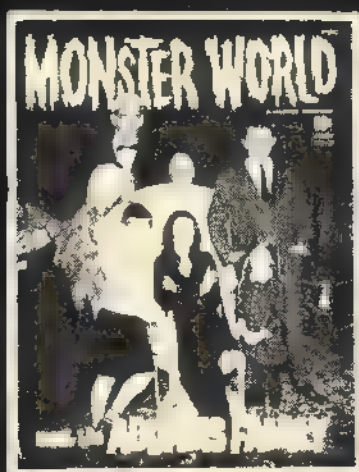
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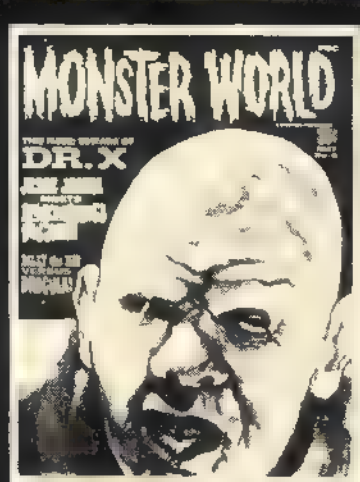
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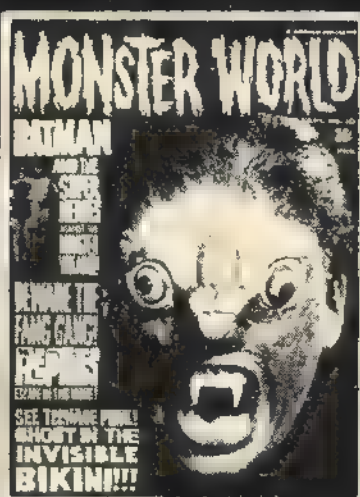
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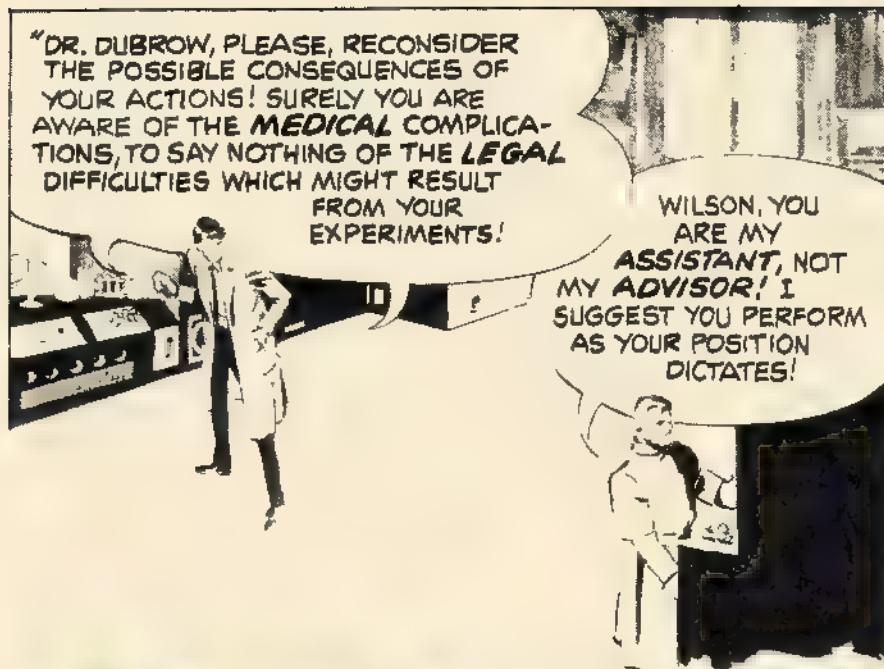


' IN OUR MODERN SOCIETY, PLAGUED WITH AN UNPRECEDENTED VARIETY OF CRIMES, THE ACT OF CORPSE-SNATCHING IS PERHAPS THE ONLY CRIMINAL ACT WHICH HAS DIMINISHED WITH THE PASSING OF THE YEARS. AND YET, EVEN TODAY, THERE ARE SOME WHO FEEL IT IS A NECESSARY MEANS TO ACHIEVE THEIR DESIRED ENDS. THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE SUCH INSTANCE, WHERE GRAVE-ROBBING WAS CONSIDERED VITAL TO THE SUCCESS OF...



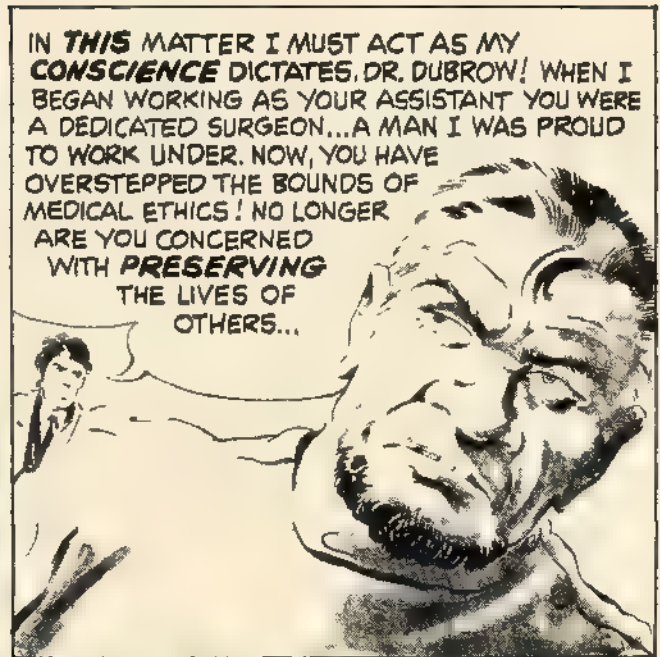
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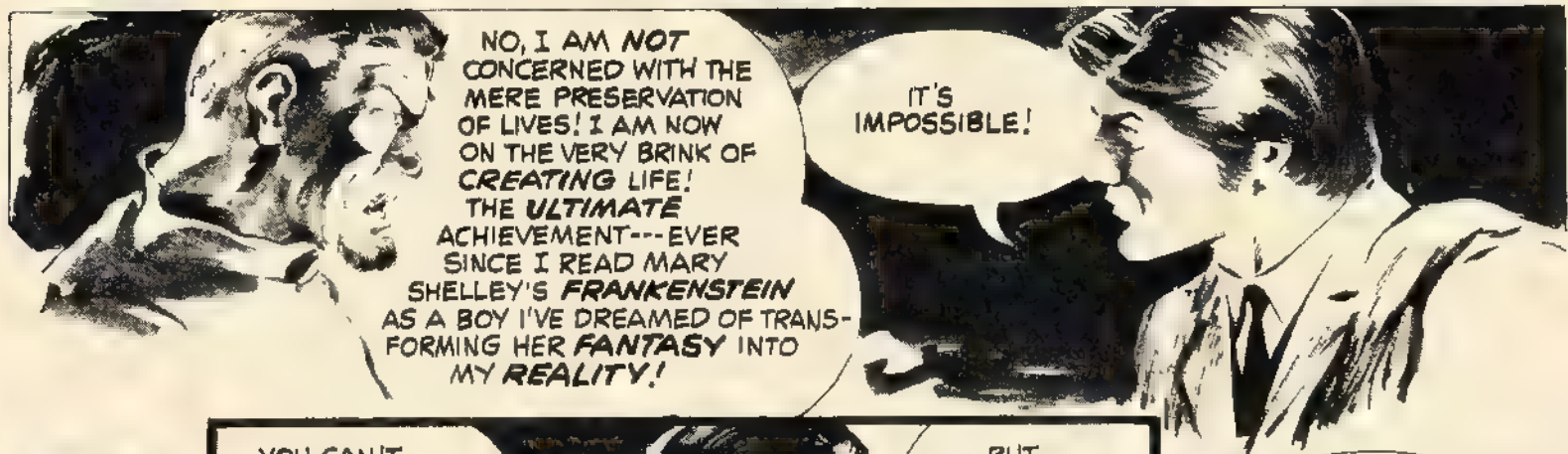


"DR. DUBROW, PLEASE, RECONSIDER THE POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCES OF YOUR ACTIONS! SURELY YOU ARE AWARE OF THE **MEDICAL** COMPLICATIONS, TO SAY NOTHING OF THE **LEGAL** DIFFICULTIES WHICH MIGHT RESULT FROM YOUR EXPERIMENTS!

WILSON, YOU ARE MY **ASSISTANT**, NOT MY **ADVISOR**! I SUGGEST YOU PERFORM AS YOUR POSITION DICTATES!



IN **THIS** MATTER I MUST ACT AS MY **CONSCIENCE** DICTATES, DR. DUBROW! WHEN I BEGAN WORKING AS YOUR ASSISTANT YOU WERE A DEDICATED SURGEON...A MAN I WAS PROUD TO WORK UNDER. NOW, YOU HAVE OVERSTEPPED THE BOUNDS OF MEDICAL ETHICS! NO LONGER ARE YOU CONCERNED WITH **PRESERVING** THE LIVES OF OTHERS...



NO, I AM **NOT** CONCERNED WITH THE MERE PRESERVATION OF LIVES! I AM NOW ON THE VERY BRINK OF **CREATING** LIFE! THE **ULTIMATE** ACHIEVEMENT---EVER SINCE I READ MARY SHELLEY'S **FRANKENSTEIN** AS A BOY I'VE DREAMED OF TRANSFORMING HER **FANTASY** INTO MY **REALITY**!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW UTTERLY **WRONG** YOU ARE, WILSON! I'M SO CLOSE TO COMPLETE SUCCESS THAT I CAN ALMOST REACH OUT AND **FEEL** IT!

BUT YOU JUST CAN'T TAMPER WITH **LIFE**, DR. DUBROW! YOU CAN'T ARBITRARILY PLAY GOD!

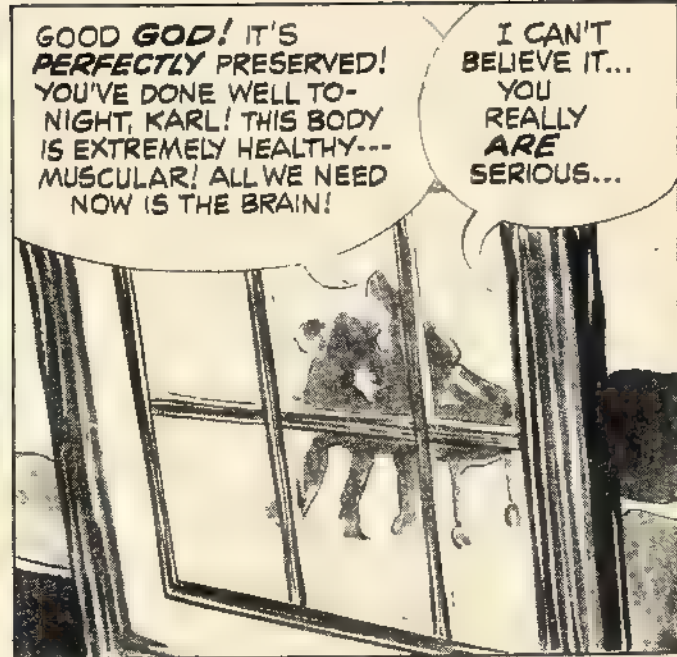
GOD? WHO IS THIS 'GOD' YOU SPEAK OF? IS HE SOMEONE YOU CAN SEE---TOUCH--**SPEAK WITH?** OF COURSE NOT! BUT MY **CREATION** IS ANOTHER MATTER ENTIRELY! YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SEE, TOUCH, AND EVEN **CONVERSE** WITH HIM!



DO NOT UTTER SUCH
BLASPHEMY,
DOCTOR....

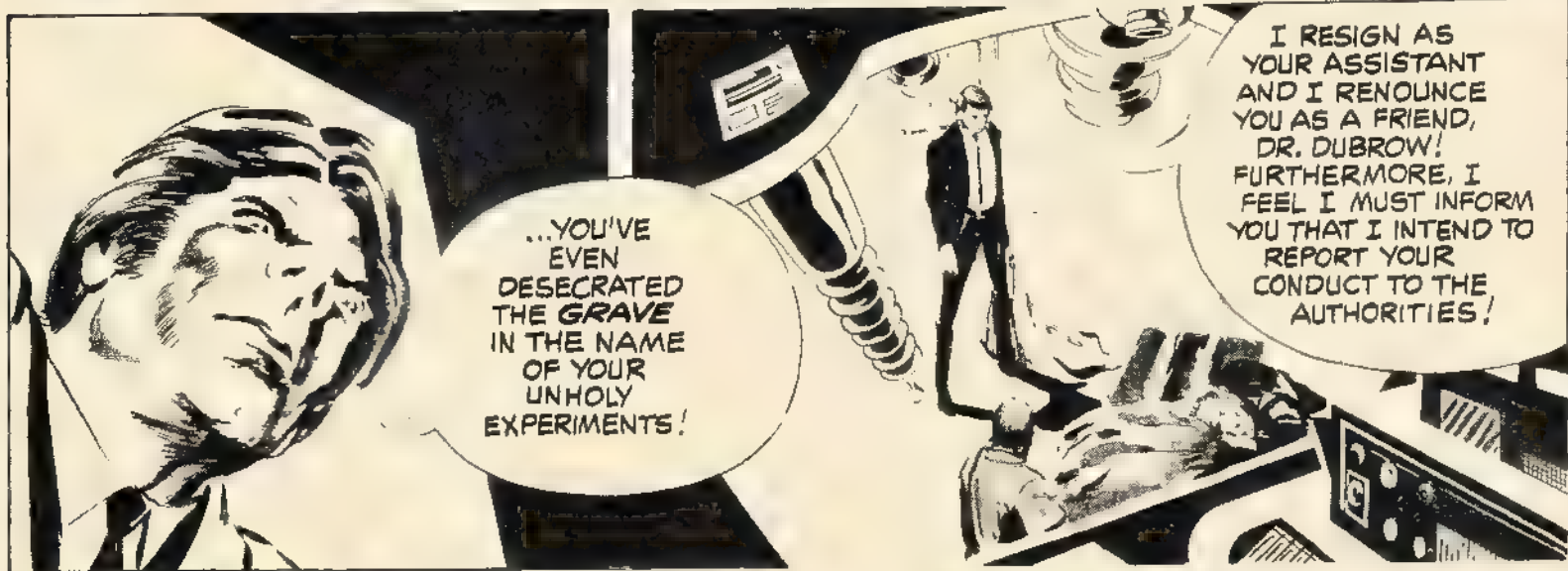
I WARN
YOU, WILSON. I'VE
HAD QUITE ENOUGH
OF YOUR CHILDISH
OUTBURSTS TO
LAST ME....

...KARL!
YOU'VE
GOT THE
BODY!



GOOD **GOD!** IT'S
PERFECTLY PRESERVED!
YOU'VE DONE WELL TO-
NIGHT, KARL! THIS BODY
IS EXTREMELY HEALTHY---
MUSCULAR! ALL WE NEED
NOW IS THE BRAIN!

I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT...
YOU
REALLY
ARE
SERIOUS...



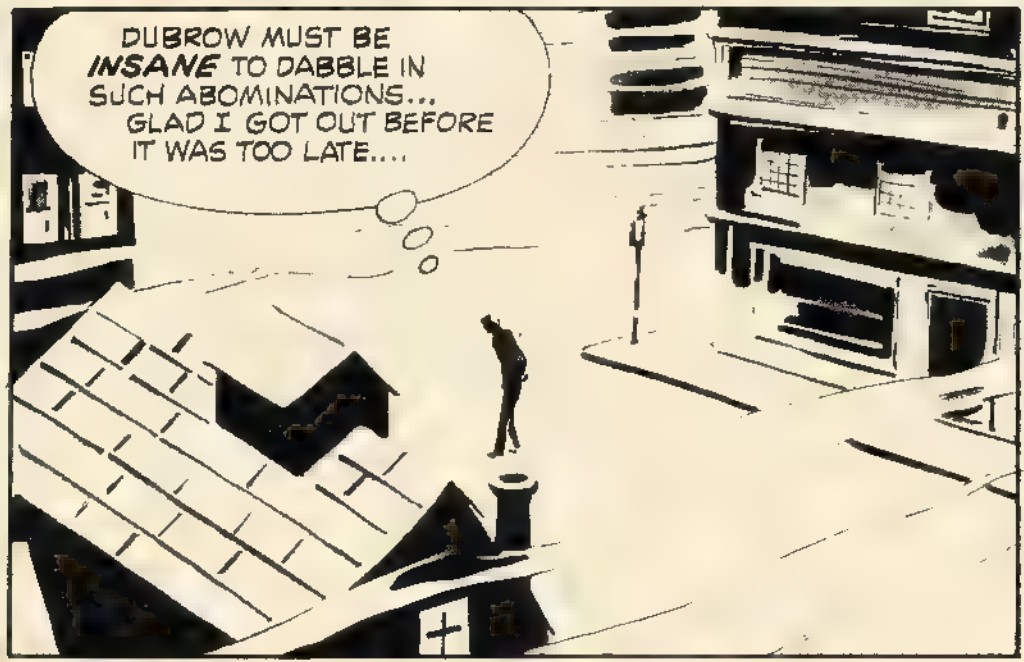
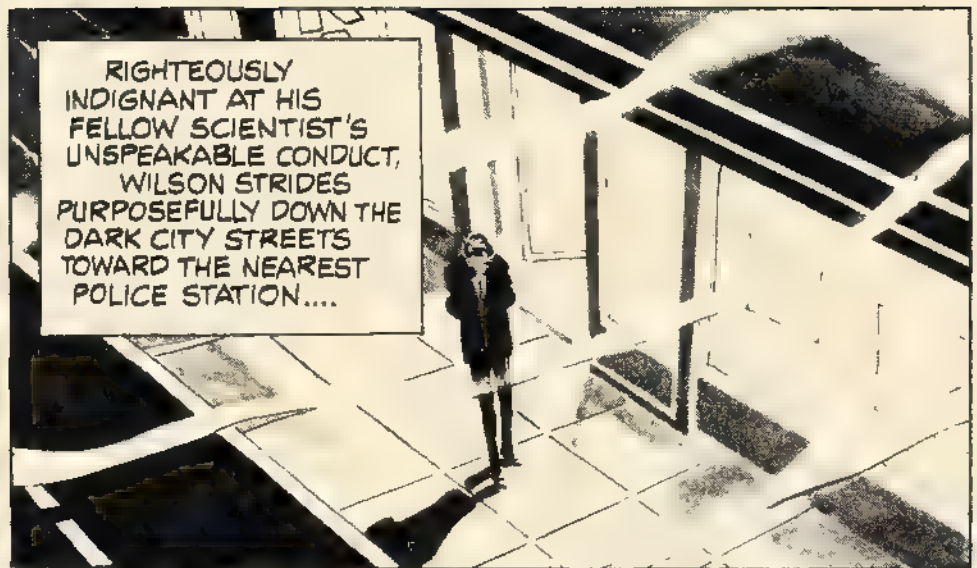
...YOU'VE
EVEN
DESECRATED
THE **GRAVE**
IN THE NAME
OF YOUR
UNHOLY
EXPERIMENTS!

I RESIGN AS
YOUR ASSISTANT
AND I RENOUNCE
YOU AS A FRIEND,
DR. DUBROW!
FURTHERMORE, I
FEEL I MUST INFORM
YOU THAT I INTEND TO
REPORT YOUR
CONDUCT TO THE
AUTHORITIES!



GOOD NIGHT
TO YOU,
"DOCTOR"
DUBROW!







THREE NIGHTS LATER, IN A DESERTED LABORATORY WHERE RESEARCH CONCERNING THE PROBLEMS OF ACTUAL BRAIN TRANSPLANTING TECHNIQUES IS CONDUCTED DURING DAYLIGHT HOURS...

THE DOCTOR SHOULD BE PLEASED WITH THIS ONE!

VERY GOOD, KARL! THIS BRAIN SHOULD DO EXCELLENTLY! IF THOSE FOOLS AT THE LAB WHERE YOU STOLE THIS BRAIN ONLY KNEW THAT I HAVE **ALREADY** MASTERED THE SCIENCE OF BRAIN-TRANSPLANTS! HAHAH!

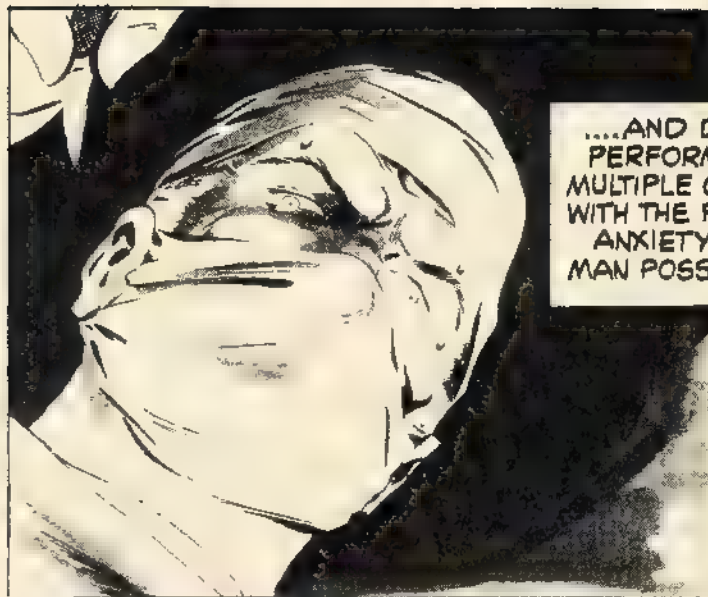
AND NOT ONLY CAN I TRANSPLANT **BRAINS** AND **HEARTS, KIDNEYS, LIVERS** AND EVERY OTHER ORGAN NECESSARY TO BRING LIFE TO MY CREATION!

AND NOW, KARL, BEGIN THE PREPARATIONS! THERE IS NO LONGER ANY NEED TO WAIT FOR THE CULMINATION OF MY **SUPREME ACHIEVEMENT!**

YES, DOCTOR.

THEN BEGINS THE ARDUOUS ORDEAL OF TRANSPLANTING AN **ENTIRE SET** OF FRESH ORGANS INTO THE BODY WHICH HAS BEEN **DEAD FOR DAYS...**

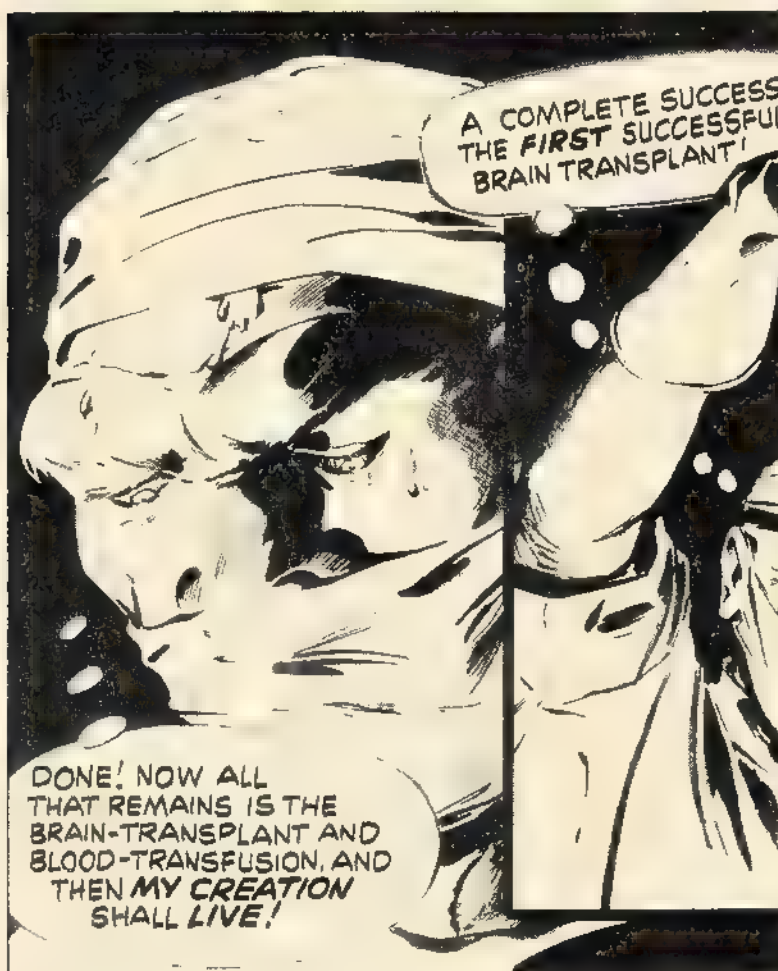




....AND DUBROW PERFORMS THE MULTIPLE OPERATIONS WITH THE FRENZIED ANXIETY OF A MAN POSSESSED....

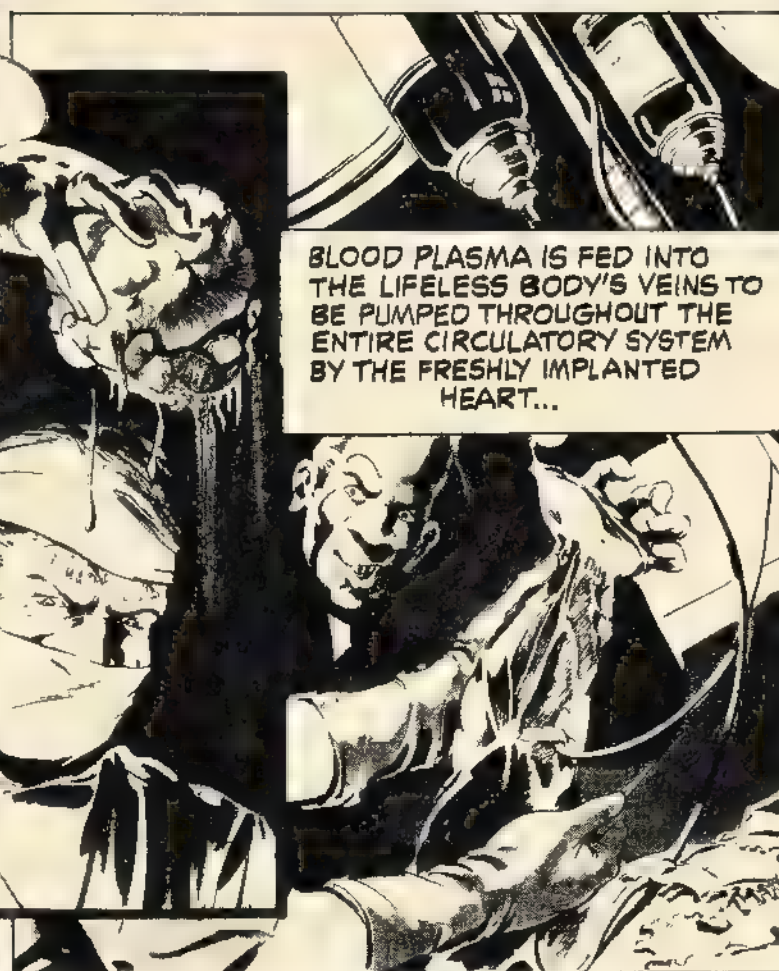


TRANSPLANTING THIS HEART WILL BE DIFFICULT BUT I KNOW I CAN DO IT!

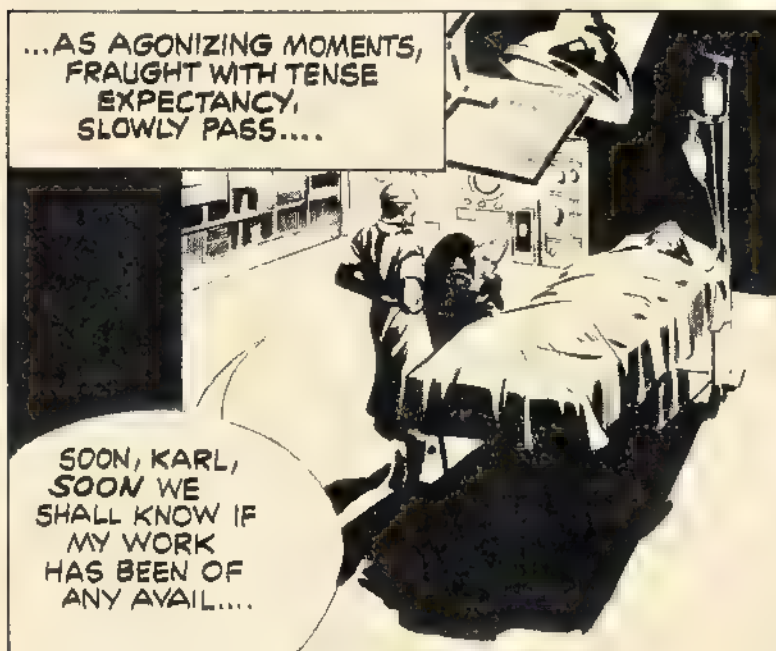


A COMPLETE SUCCESS! THE **FIRST** SUCCESSFUL BRAIN TRANSPLANT!

DONE! NOW ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE BRAIN-TRANSPLANT AND BLOOD-TRANSFUSION, AND THEN MY **CREATION** SHALL LIVE!



BLOOD PLASMA IS FED INTO THE LIFELESS BODY'S VEINS TO BE PUMPED THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE CIRCULATORY SYSTEM BY THE FRESHLY IMPLANTED HEART...



...AS AGONIZING MOMENTS, FRAUGHT WITH TENSE EXPECTANCY, SLOWLY PASS....

SOON, KARL, SOON WE SHALL KNOW IF MY WORK HAS BEEN OF ANY AVAIL....



SEE WHAT A HANDSOME SPECIMEN HE IS, KARL! WHAT SUPERB MUSCULATURE-- HE SHALL BE **EXTREMELY STRONG**....LOOK! HE'S BEGINNING TO MOVE!

BREATHLESSLY, DUBROW WITNESSES THE MONUMENTAL IMPORTANCE OF THE OTHERWISE INSIGNIFICANT FLICKERING OF AN EYELID....

SLOWLY, AS IF AWAKENING FROM DRUGGED DREAMS, THE CREATION MOVES INTO A SITTING POSITION...

IT'S ALIVE, KARL, ALIVE! I'VE DONE IT, HAHahaha!

...AND SPEAKS HIS FIRST CONFUSED WORDS...

... UNTIL FULL COMPREHENSION RETURNS TO HIS RESPAKED BRAIN

YOU! DUBROW! AND KARL! HA! AND IT SEEMED DEATH HAD FOREVER DENIED ME THE CHANCE FOR.... REVENGE!

WHAT? WH-WHAT AM I DOING... HERE...?

NO! NO, IT CAN'T BE...

CAN'T BE WILSON, DUBROW? OH, BUT I AM WILSON! DIDN'T I MENTION THAT I HAD WILLED MY BODY AND MY BRAIN TO SCIENCE FOR RESEARCH IN TRANSPLANT TECHNIQUES, DOCTOR?

FRANKLY, EVEN THOUGH DUBROW DIDN'T LIKE WILSON CUTTING OUT ON HIM, I DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO BE VERY PLEASED AT HAVING HIM BACK AGAIN!



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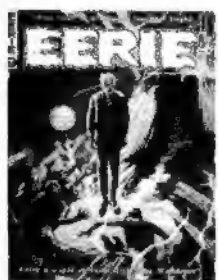
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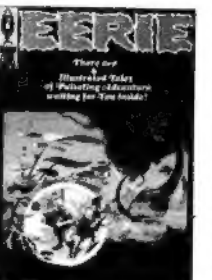
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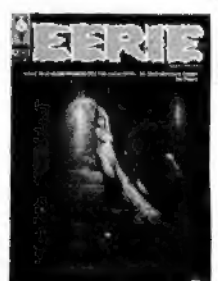
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